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WOLVERHAMPTON WANDERER

MR. CHURCHILL'S claim to statesmanship is based on two episodes in a long and tumultuous career: his lonely opposition, inside the Tory Party, to appeasement; and the "blood, tears and sweat" of 1940. Grateful memory of his exposure of half-truths and delusions before the war and of his oratory during the summer of Dunkirk were not entirely effaced by his election stunts in 1945. He was still thought of as the one Tory who was genuinely shocked by Mr. Baldwin when he frankly admitted that in 1935 he had deceived the country for the sake of electoral victory.

At Wolverhampton last Saturday, Mr. Churchill demonstrated that not only power corrupts; the desire to regain power corrupts equally. Mr. Baldwin gave as his excuse the East Fulham by-election. The South Hammersmith by-election last March accounts in much the same way for Mr. Churchill's policy to-day. It showed that the British people are firmly wedded to the Welfare State, full employment and fair shares for all, and that any party which hesitates to support them has no chance of victory at the polls. As he has so frequently stated, Mr. Churchill regards such Socialist clap-trap as utterly destructive of the nation's morale; and in the last week or two his chief financial advisers, Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Eccles, have demanded in Parliament an end to Socialist extravagance. With passionate conviction, the Tory leadership believes that the people are as wickedly deluded to-day by Socialist theories as they were in the 1930s by pacifism. What is needed to save us from disaster and "massive unemployment," to use Mr. Eccles's words, are cuts to the tune of "hundreds of millions" in Government expenditure and a timely dose of "moderate" unemployment.

Mr. Churchill and Lord Woolton, however, believe that to state the stark facts and propose the remedies they hold necessary would be electoral suicide. The old "doctor's mandate" is no longer a convincing slogan. The patients must first be told what they want to hear. Then, when the Tory doctor has wheedled them into his surgery, the right medicine can be shoved down their throats in acrid gulps, while it is explained that the deception was unfortunately necessary in the patients' own interests.

The Right Road for Britain is a tremendous tribute to thirty years of Socialist propaganda and four years of Labour rule. Unlike some members of the Cabinet, Lord Woolton has no doubt about the popularity of food subsidies, rationing, price control and the whole apparatus of the planned Welfare State. He believes that his only hope of regaining power lies in promising bigger and better social services *and* reduced taxation. True to this formula, Mr. Churchill offered his audience last Saturday a Welfare State bigger and better than Mr. Attlee's. Under his benevolent dispensation, there will be four chickens in every pot. "If lies are to be used, the big lie is to be preferred to a number of small ones." We have seen this technique before.

It is possible, however, that in this case propaganda has over-reached itself. The British have been told *ad nauseam* that they are living beyond their means; and they know from household experience the result of cutting your income and increasing your expenditure simultaneously. At Wolverhampton, Mr. Churchill repeated his old mistake of under-estimating the voter's intelligence. He has revealed a little too clearly his contempt for the people he desires to rule.

The Dockers Go Back

The *Beaverbrae* has sailed, after four months of confusion, and the London dockers have returned to work. But the dock dispute has ended in a muddle as discreditable as its conduct. The dockers can claim, with some justice, that their solidarity withstood threats, elaborate emergency powers and the use of troops, and that they went back unbeaten. This may give them some satisfaction, but it only emphasises the disquieting problems left unsolved by this shambling relapse into normal working in the docks. None of the parties emerges from this dispute with any credit. The authority of the Dock Labour Board has been seriously undermined, partly by the successful defiance of the dockers and partly by the revelation that it unanimously backed Lord Ammon's proposal to force a resumption of work by threatening to end the whole Dock Labour Scheme. Mr. Isaacs cannot escape some responsibility for this. Like the Board, he had accepted for two months the tacit understanding that the Canadian ships were "black." On June 7th he dissuaded the Board from starting work on these ships; but a week later, faced with the same proposal, he "did not wish to influence their judgment further." This was indeed an extraordinary attempt on the part of the Minister of Labour, when confronted with a serious dispute, to wash his hands of responsibility for a distasteful decision. However much we disapprove of their methods, the distress and dissatisfaction of Lord Ammon and his colleagues are understandable. The Emergency Proclamation, the creation of the special Emergency Committee and the introduction of military labour were all meaningless in their eyes, except as weapons for compelling the dockers to unload the two ships. Yet, having set up this elaborate machinery, the Government seemed content to let things drift, and to intervene decisively only when the Board showed signs of taking an initiative. It was never really clear what the opposing sides in this dispute wanted; in fact, neither side was clearly defined. Was it the Communists *versus* the Government, the Dock Labour Board *versus* the dockers, the rank and file against the Union officials, or a Hobbesian *mêlée* of each against all? This lamentable situation has revealed serious weaknesses, not merely in the Dock Labour Scheme but also in the Ministry of Labour's handling of complicated disputes, and above all, in the official Union leadership. Half of the Dock Labour Board, so severely con-

demned by the Home Secretary, consisted of Union officials, and the chairman was the Government Whip in the House of Lords. Those who have criticised the selection of members of Government Boards up and down the country will find ample justification for their anxieties in the disclosures about the Dock Labour Board, which was at least as responsible as the Communists for prolonging the dispute. If the Communists must be ousted from Union leadership, the Board also is in need of a purge.

Mr. Isaacs and the Railwaymen

Indecision and muddle can be as explosive on the railways as in the docks. Three weeks ago, faced with an official threat by the N.U.R. to "go-slow," Mr. Isaacs intervened, just in time to stave off transport chaos. But, having announced that he would set up a Conciliation Board to deal with the wage claim, he infuriated the railwaymen, first by appointing a Chairman who had presided over the Arbitration Tribunal which had already rejected the claim, and, secondly, by excluding from the Board's jurisdiction the whole of the railway shopmen. The latter decision was taken in deference to the objections of the Engineering Confederation, whose membership includes about a quarter of the men in the railway shops. The Confederation's objections were not in themselves unreasonable; it has a separate wage claim pending which it fears might be compromised by a binding conciliation award favouring exclusively the lower-paid men and thus narrowing the already small differential for skills in engineering. But the N.U.R. did not take kindly to the exclusion of over 90,000 of its members from the inquiry. The protracted discussions between the hesitant Minister and the N.U.R. Executive have already occasioned a disquieting unofficial "go-slow" at Broad Street.

Arms and the Senate

The Senate debate on the Atlantic Pact was a somewhat tedious and unimpressive treatment of an occasion without precedent in American history. The well-argued protests of Senator Taft and the diehard isolationists were but a feeble echo of the chorus which rejected the League. America, thirty years ago, was being asked to accept a vague commitment to underwrite European security. To-day, the threat is defined, and the Pact merely gives formal sanction to a bi-partisan foreign and defence policy whose main features are not seriously challenged in the U.S. President Truman's case for supplying Lend-Lease arms in addition to ratification of the Pact is that America has now undertaken an obligation to collaborate in the defence of countries which, treaty or not, it would have to help if war started. He believes that the difference between a *de facto* and a *de jure* alliance, important constitutionally in the U.S., means little in Europe unless the Pact carries with it specific guarantees of military support, as the French and the Belgians have already demanded. But Congress may be more reluctant to accept Mr. Truman's proposals for military aid than to ratify the constitutional innovations of the Pact. It is certain that Senator Taft will be able to rally a much larger vote against the arms proposals than against the treaty, for there are many on Capitol Hill who feel that the Federal Budget cannot carry their cost at this time, or that sound strategy would spend the money on domestic rearmament, or that the military risk does not justify spending "too much and too soon." There is some sound sense in the objections, which were well stated by Mr. Vandenberg. In fact, $1,400 millions for the whole world is quite inadequate. Europe alone is now spending $5,500 millions on defence, and has precious little to show for it. It is true that any further increase in European armament expenditure would be ruinous, as the President declares, but small-scale American aid may actually increase European Defence Budgets instead of reducing them. Even if Congress adopts Mr. Truman's plan, will America's allies feel any safer?

Britain's Share of Marshall Aid

In view of the magnitude of the sterling area's current dollar deficit, there is nothing surprising or unreasonable in Britain's revised estimate of dollar needs under the Marshall Plan for the year ahead. None the less, the other O.E.E.C. members seem to have been seriously disconcerted by the extent to which Britain's demands have been scaled up. Originally, Britain put her 1949-50 needs at $940 millions. This was stepped up in May to $1,114 millions, and it is now reported that we are asking for no less than $1,500 millions. This is $260 millions more than we obtained in the first year of the Marshall Plan; and if Congress, as seems likely, insists on a reduced global figure for the 1949-50 allocation, the granting in full of Britain's demands would presumably mean stiff reductions in the amounts allocated to other beneficiaries—unless, of course, there was a substantial increase in the intra-European sterling credits extended by Britain. It is too soon yet to judge what effect the scaled-up British indent is likely to have on the Anglo-American talks in Washington this September; but indications are that the section of Congress which has tended to criticise British planning most sharply will become still more vocal in their hostile criticisms of the Labour Government's "prodigal" social welfare policy.

Kashmir Plebiscite

The unhappy dispute over Kashmir is still the major obstacle to progress, alike for India and for Pakistan. Until it is settled, neither of them can reduce their swollen military expenditure, nor can either of them hope to attract the American investments which both desire. Afghanistan, moreover, is tempted to an adventurous policy by their enmity. Worst of all, India, which aims at dispensing with all imports of food-grains by 1951, cannot use for this indispensable purpose all the financial resources it demands. While the scarcity of food continues, the Communists will make headway. There is agreement at last on the drawing of the "cease-fire" line, but the terms of the plebiscite are not yet defined. Both sides assume that the fate of the entire State of Kashmir and Jammu will be settled as a unit by a majority vote of the whole population. This offers a dangerous prospect. One can be fairly sure that the backward mountainous regions of the West, including Punch, will vote for Pakistan. The allegiance of the broad Vale of Kashmir, where Sheikh Abdullah had a great following among the townsfolk of Srinagar and in many of the villages, is uncertain; for, though it was in sympathy with Congress, this population is solidly Muslim. But Jammu is predominantly Hindu, and is packed with Hindu and Sikh refugees. If it were to be assigned to Pakistan, another million of fugitives might be driven into India. It ought to be agreed in advance that the plebiscite does not exclude partition. The precedents of the Silesian plebiscite after the first world-war might be followed. Germany won a majority of the total vote, but the Eastern region was assigned to Poland. The ideal solution might be to create a neutral State under the United Nations, but without an International Police Force to garrison it, this suggestion could not be realised. The best to hope for is that Pakistan should in advance renounce any claim to Jammu.

Agreement in Indonesia

The political barometer in Indonesia seems to be set fair. For the past few days Republicans and Federalists have sat together in Jogjakarta planning the essential preliminaries to the transfer of power. Evidence of an optimistic outlook is given in two significant moves—one internal, the other intra-Asian. Republican Commanders in Java and Sumatra have been told to stand by for the cease-fire order at any moment; and the Governments of India, Pakistan and Ceylon have lifted the ban they imposed on the entry of Dutch aircraft into their territory as a protest against Dutch military action in Indonesia last December. In Jogjakarta, the Federalists and the Republicans have reached agreement on the outlines of a Constitutional Government with a President who will act on the advice of the Prime Minister and his Cabinet—not on the basis of an Inner Cabinet, which is what the Federalists put forward. Further, given equal success at the forthcoming Conference at the Hague—now postponed to the end of August—plans have been agreed for the setting up of a Provisional Government and a Provisional Parliament, following the transfer of power. The country will then be known, not by its present name of the United States of Indonesia, but as the Republic of Indonesian Sariket, a tribute which the Federalists have paid to the Indonesian Nationalist Movement. The next step is the Hague Conference, where the Republicans, the Federalists and the Dutch will meet together with the United Nations Commission to bring about "a just and lasting settlement of the Indonesian dispute." This will be the real test, for opposition is by no means dead in Holland. To follow this Conference, and indeed to understand the complexities of the situation, the Indonesian Republican Delegation in London has produced an admirably documented review, describing events immediately preceding and following December, 1948.

Better News of Coal

The National Coal Board is able to show a surplus—a small surplus of under £4 million—on its operations for the first quarter of this year. The surplus remains after meeting £3,300,000 of interest charges and setting aside £400,000 for Profits Tax. There is a warning that these relatively favourable results may not be repeated in later quarters: they seem, indeed, to be due largely to a sharp fall in the sums used for stores and repairs. Moreover, holidays will affect output during the summer months, with adverse reactions on costs per ton. The coal industry is certainly not out of the wood yet, by a long way; and the N.U.M. is still lying in wait with the outstanding points of the Miners' Charter—notably the costly item of pensions. Still, the financial months of the quarter's working are satisfactory as far as they go, and indicate that some of the advantages of short-term measures of reorganisation are being reaped. Major reorganisation, on which the future solvency of the industry and its power to supply coal at reasonable prices depend, is bound to be spread over quite a number of years, and cannot be expected to yield quick results. Indeed, even the master plant for it will not be finished till the end of this year; and then it will be a question of deciding how quickly to carry it out in face of capital shortage and of the need not to interfere with current production.

PARLIAMENT: Epic Sweat

Wednesday

At four in the morning, Socialist bodies lay stretched in the dark corridors, waiting to be trumped out of sleep by the division bell. And when it sounded, they rose with a great stirring and a muttering, and shuffled through the lobbies, where there was no air, to disagree with the Lords. And one had taken off his tie, and another had taken off his collar. But all sweated, though some more than others. And when it was fully light, the Conservatives and the Socialists still debated Iron and Steel, though the Whips turned to each other and complained, saying: "Some have gone home."

But on the second day, the Members were tired. And on the terrace, they looked one upon another and thought: "Wherefore should we continue this unnecessary strife?" And the final amendments were negatived in an unopposed rush before one o'clock.

For the most part, the long arguments on the Lords' amendments, whether by Lyttelton or by Strauss, had been a repetition of what had already been said many times in Committee. The Tories, themselves stimulated by the lemonade-Socialism of their new policy, were hoping that an early election would make the debate at the most an exercise in propaganda. Strauss, less sanguine than Macmillan of a Conservative victory in 1950, preferred to treat the Bill with the seriousness that an instrument of this and the next Labour Government rightly deserves.

Between the two acts of the Iron and Steel discussion was the dock strike post-mortem. The best thing that could be said of the strike was that it was over; the best thing of the Minister of Labour's intervention that it was no longer necessary. The Opposition, led by Sir John Anderson, was not in a recriminatory mood. It supported the Government in much of its executive action, but it deplored the "muddle and confusion" of the Ministry of Labour in its capacity as negotiator and conciliator.

There were indeed several themes in the debate. What was the true origin of the strike? Few people, least of all the dockers, seemed to know. Were the Home Secretary's deportees accessories after the strike or its cause? Even after his emphatic speech, no one could tell clearly how a handful of agitators had been able to sway fifteen thousand men. Nor, after the Minister of Labour's speech, could anyone tell why neither he nor the trade unions had succeeded in impressing the truth on the strikers. The Home Secretary revealed that the end of the strike was a piece of face-saving by its unofficial leaders, when the corn porters decided to work the *Beaverbrae*. He also disclosed that he had captured an incriminating document on a Communist agent. All this added interest to the "little dossier" about the strike which the Minister of Labour mentioned, and expects soon to publish.

For much of the time, Lord Ammon of the Dock Labour Board sat in the Peers' Gallery making notes with the air of the aggrieved party in an eternal triangle. After all, he'd only been threatening; and just when he was about to persuade the dockers, the Government "went crazy" and disowned him. But there wasn't much sympathy for him in the House, particularly when Isaacs said that the Dock Labour Board had produced a scheme to sack men who didn't turn up for work by a given date. However inadequate the Minister of Labour had been in actively ending the strike, he had shown deep understanding of the dockers' feelings, and had given ear to the voice of the people. The Minister of Labour, he had demonstrated, could not serve both God and Ammon.

And so the Session sweltered towards its end with only the prospect of a Bank Holiday sitting to shorten speeches in the week's last debate. The distant shore of the General Election is already visible through the heat haze, and Members are composing themselves for battle and farewell. "*Aimez ce que vous ne verrez pas deux fois . . .*" In the golden light of a Parliament's setting, Members must find a pleasant melancholy in contemplating a scene which so many of them are not likely to see again, except from the Strangers' Gallery. MAURICE EDELMAN

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

The sharp argument about "unconditional surrender" in the House of Commons last week revealed much that was of more than historical significance. Stung by Mr. Macmillan's complaint that Germany was still in chaos and, in effect, not yet part of a united anti-Soviet Western Bloc, Mr. Bevin retorted that his task would have been easier but for the folly of unconditional surrender. As a loyal member of the War Cabinet, he had not protested when Mr. Churchill brought back this fatal slogan from Casablanca, but if he had had a voice in the matter he would have rejected a policy which treated all Germans alike and left nothing intact on which, as Foreign Secretary after the war, he was able to build. How avoid chaos, with dictatorship as its likely successor, if no institutions, no political principles, no traditions were allowed to survive? To this Mr. Churchill replied that he had not himself liked unconditional surrender. He had been aware that the British Cabinet would have rejected it. The phrase, however, occurred in a statement made by Roosevelt "without consultation" with him. He added that "working with a great alliance and with great, loyal and powerful friends from across the ocean, we had to accommodate ourselves." Mr. Churchill did not think the slogan had in fact been very harmful; he was much more conscience-stricken because, under similar pressure, he had initialled the Morgenthau Agreement, threatening to make Germany a pastoral country. Four years after the war, however, neither of these pronouncements could be used to justify a continued policy of dismantling German industry or trying Nazi Generals as war-criminals. Mr. Churchill believes, as he explains, in refusing all terms until the enemy is defeated; when he is down and begging for mercy, generosity is again in order. No bargains made, no promises given, but bygones allowed to be bygones because vengeance is not in our nature or tradition.

This interchange, with its revelation that the British Cabinet had not been consulted during the war about decisions of binding significance which the Prime Minister did not himself approve but thought it wise to accept from the Americans, was followed by even more important interchanges. Mr. Crossman, who, under the Foreign Secretary, was in charge of German propaganda during the war, gave a striking illustration of the practical importance of unconditional surrender. He recalled that the news of the revolt of the German Generals on July 20th, 1944, came through at midnight; that his department, brushing aside the absurd advice of Mr. Brendan Bracken to say that the report was propaganda by Goebbels, got in touch with Mr. Eden. The Foreign Secretary's instructions were that, in accordance with the terms of unconditional surrender, no distinction was to be made "between the men undertaking that revolt and the Nazis." In his speech Mr. Churchill described these Generals as "patriotic Germans." If the Allies had treated them as such and welcomed their revolt, instead of lumping them all together as Nazi criminals five years ago, the war might have ended a year earlier than it did. In 1945, Mr. Churchill, with a pathetic belief that wars are still fought for limited objectives, hoped that the Germans amidst their ruined cities would stagger to their feet like good sportsmen and shake hands on the proposition that the best men had won.

The important point today is whether the now evident desire to be on good terms with Germans arises from anything else than a fear of the U.S.S.R., and a policy of rearming Germany in order to create a European force capable of resisting further Soviet advance. Challenged, Mr. Churchill declared that he was "strongly in favour of the enforcement of the disarmament of Germany"—a statement of much importance in view of the possible contingency that he may again be Prime Minister. For if Germany is not to be rearmed, then one, probably the greatest, danger of war is removed. We then face the reality that if the Soviet Union has militarily aggressive intentions (of which we as yet have no evidence) the only real deterrent is the knowledge that aggression would mean war with the United States, while if the object is to prevent the extension of Communism, which Russia certainly seeks, then nothing will so quickly further Soviet aims as to set up a necessarily weak armed force in Western Europe on the basis of a discontented, often hungry and spasmodically employed proletariat.

The shocking and alarming fact is that in 1949 it should still be possible for the leaders of any great political party to think of nations in these anthropomorphic terms and to discuss policy except on the basis of a careful appreciation of the social forces at work. Here is a subject to which Mr. Churchill might address his historical imagination. Does it satisfy him to recall that the French ate babies for breakfast in the days of Napoleon, fought side by side with us in the Crimean war, became enemies to be "rolled in mud and blood" in 1899 and again our glorious allies in 1914; that Germans who were always our good friends until we had made up our historic quarrel with the French in 1902, proved to be Huns with whom we would never trade nor have truck again from 1914–1918; that they became a bulwark against Bolshevism under Hitler and barbarians at the gate during the war, only now again to be nearly qualified as our friends, allies and potential defenders in the third world war?

This is indeed to drain to the very dregs the urn of bitter prophecy. Some of us spent much of our time during the last war attempting to explain that the old and disastrous pattern would be repeated unless we learnt to think of people and classes and groups, and not of "good" and "bad" nations. Mr. Churchill seems to maintain these antediluvian habits of thought; even now he talks of war as if it were a matter of one national will imposing itself on another. In fact, war is no longer an instrument of policy. Atomic weapons, guided missiles, bacteriological and chemical warfare do not accomplish any precise or pre-conceived ends: they create general destruction which brings civilisation ever nearer to its own end and which leaves less and less alternative to the kind of ruthless dictatorship and compulsory organisation of man which is what the West has in mind when it denounces Communism.

We are indeed glad to observe that Mr. Churchill agrees with us that it would be fatal again to rearm Germany, or, like Mr. Chamberlain, to permit Germany's rearmament in the hope that Russia, and not ourselves, would be the victim. We hope that he will keep this lesson clearly in front of the great party he leads. But we cannot also hope that he will convince his followers that the only reply to Communism would be to prove that Communists are wrong in prophesying the collapse of capitalism, that in fact, capitalism can be peacefully transformed into a planned Welfare State and provide and distribute the goods and services which the world needs. KINGSLEY MARTIN

. . . AND HEAVEN TOO

THE morning that I arrived in Turin another strike began, this time a 24-hour protest by the engineers. Posters which explained to the Torinese why the engineers were striking, and warned the "industrialists" "No, you shan't make Fascism a second time," had appeared already in the streets—patches of red and blue and green that erupted like angry sores upon the respectful walls of Piedmont's royal city. At midday, faithful to his duty of protecting scabs, the Prefect announced that he had taken measures to ensure that "all might work who wished." Armed police were sent to "cover" the engineers' pickets at factory gates.

At four o'clock I went round to the headquarters of the engineers' union to see how the strike looked from there. The general secretary, Amino Pizzorno, read me telegrams which reported a very general success in all parts of Italy. No strike-breakers had turned up at Fiat's in Turin, for instance; the "free unions," Demo-Christian and Right-wing Socialist, had either joined the strike or taken no stand against it. Then someone rang up. I gathered it was Pizzorno's wife speaking from one of Fiat's factory gates. She wanted to tell him that the armoured cars had arrived. Had anything gone wrong? Apparently not. What were the police doing? There wasn't any violence? The police weren't doing anything so far—just talking to the pickets. But the armoured cars? Just driving round with their sirens blowing. "I'd better come up and see, though," Pizzorno said.

It is in an atmosphere of violence and near-violence that some of the greatest labour battles in Italian history are now being fought out. Last month's strike of a million poor peasants and landless workers, scarcely mentioned in the world's press, was of its kind unprecedented in Western Europe—both for its scope and success and for the savagery with which De Gasperi's "democratic police force" tried to put it down. No one, certainly, could complain that the Italian scene lacked movement or emotion. With several thousand Communists and Socialists in gaol on charges good enough (in the absence of any effective *habeas corpus*) to keep them "cool" for at least a few months and often for much longer, with police forces just as much in evidence as they were when I first came to Italy in 1937, with special flying squads (*Celere*) attendant upon every major strike and every big demonstration, with *Celere* and *Carabinieri* and other sorts of armed policemen firing on the crowd from time to time—several agricultural workers were killed in this way last month—life in Italy is full of incident.

Maintenance of the *status quo*—the containment and frustration, that is, of the more or less revolutionary movement for social change that surged through Italy in 1945—has evidently cost a great effort to those who now rule Italy in the name of Property and the Church. At first the tide was too strong to be directly dammed. Many Demo-Christians who had fought gallantly in the Resistance, and were as sincere as the Left in wanting structural reform, swam with it. They helped to formulate that memorable programme of all the Resistance parties—a call for land reform, the nationalisation of monopolist industry, the displacement of the prefectoral system by genuine local government, and other reforms obviously essential to the modernisation of Italy—that made together a charter for social renewal which seemed at the time as great a milestone in Italian history as the Risorgimento itself.

The turning point came in 1947, when De Gasperi, even before the Demo-Christian victory at the elections of 1948, brought the Resistance coalition to an end. Much more than the *mystique* of the Resistance, perhaps at times apocalyptic but nonetheless uplifting to a people broken by Fascism and embittered by defeat, has suffered from this damming of the tide. Behind the breakwaters of Christian Democracy the little fish of Fascism—and some of the big fish too—have found calmer waters again. There is the openly Fascist *Movimento Sociale*, where one or two hair-tearers like Almirante pour out the same old stuff to a crowd divided almost equally, as far as one can see over the ostrich feathers, between raddled old dears, social sirens, and schoolboys. Much more serious, there is the deliberate rehabilitation in public opinion of Fascist leaders such as Graziani, and the destruction of all respect for the partisans in spite of their fighting losses and self-sacrifice. Mussolini's girl friends tell their nasty little stories in the weekly press (which seems to me more salacious than any other in Europe, in spite of the prudery of a Government which was lately reluctant to allow the circulation of an advertisement bearing a reproduction of Botticelli's *Primavera*). Rommel's diary informs the public that the Fascist army, "if it had had our means, would have been just as good as the German army"—an opinion, one feels, which could only cause the late Marshal's body to turn in its suicide's grave. The old names of Fascist journalism reappear one by one, sliding unostentatiously from *feuilletons* and literary gossip towards more interesting ground. What with this sort of thing on one hand, and labour unrest on the other, there is the mood of complete hangover—the hangover of dictatorship, defeat, and abortive revolution.

The absence of structural change—even of that, especially in the south of Italy, which is vital to the proper workings of modern capitalism—remains the common denominator of every great problem in Italy to-day. The Vatican's fiat of excommunication against all "materialists" is only the latest sign that the Demo-Christian leaders and their allies have decided upon a fight to the death with the Left-wing parties. Total collapse of the "liberal opposition" within the Demo-Christian rank and file is another. Unable to go forward, since to go forward would mean the strengthening of those they have chosen to regard as their irreconcilable enemies (although the Left-wing parties, rehearsing in some sense the "peace offensive" of the Soviet Union, continue to press for compromise) the Christian Democrats are inevitably going back. Since any real change of government would now mean—given the distance which separates the democratic Constitution from the Fascist laws which in many cases still govern Italy—a change of regime, and a change towards the Left, there is nothing for the Demo-Christians but to defy democracy and stay in power.

"We do not feel ourselves empowered provisionally with the mandate of public opinion," the Minister of the Interior, Scelba, told the Demo-Christian Congress in Venice last month, "we feel ourselves empowered permanently." Since—for the logic seems inescapable—a permanent regime of Christian Democracy means, in fact, whatever it might be taken to mean in theory, the untrammelled restoration of religious paternalism, and the right of the employer to do as he likes with the employed, there will be great popular opposition. It is, in fact, already present. From here to the next step is a matter of pure administration—a good police force and no squeamish scruples.

What else, after all, remains? The Demo-Christians are now so much the prisoners of their own intransigence that they really cannot go forward. The Constitution, for example, may declare that the Republic recognises and supports "local autonomies," may provide for regional decentralisation, may stipulate that "the Regions are to be constituted as local authorities with their own powers and functions." Gonella, one of the stalwarts of Christian Democracy, may have previously (in April, 1946) declared that "municipal autonomy is the citadel of liberty" and, with the agreement of his party, that "we want the constitutional decentralisation of the State."

All this is very well. The supercession of the prefectoral system, one of the principal supports of reaction in Italy, is long overdue. Everyone knows that Italy needs secure and self-confident local government. No one would publicly deny it. But the thing is not so simple for the Demo-Christian crusaders. For it happens that the majority of the great cities of the North—Turin, Genoa, Venice, Florence, Bologna, and many others—have Left-wing majorities and Left-wing mayors. Local autonomy would be Left-wing autonomy. The Prefects, accordingly, retain their powers.

Analogous situations exist in other fields awaiting structural reforms to which the Demo-Christians are as firmly pledged—on paper—as the Left-wing parties. But democratic control of heavy industry would mean enhancement of the status of Left-wing-led workers' councils, *consigli di gestione*, and other bodies subversive of tradition. Genuine land reform would cripple the southern landowners who form a central pillar of the Demo-Christian temple.

It would be wrong to argue from this retreat that Italy is about to embark upon another course of overt dictatorship, less obvious but no less real than Mussolini's. The Left-wing parties have learnt much since 1922: it was significant of this that the agricultural labourers, last month, should have excluded from their strike all labourers who work for poor peasants and share-croppers—thus conserving sympathies which they had lost with fatal results in the days before the "march on Rome." The main hope of the Demo-Christians, with the industrialists, landowners, and cardinals who support them, seems to be that the trade unions will gradually disintegrate under the combined influence of mass unemployment and police repression—or, if they do not disintegrate, will compromise themselves fatally by acts of violence. The results, so far, are not impressive. Although bitterly provoked by the police, the unions have managed to contain themselves. The greatest test came in response to the attempted murder of Togliatti last year. In Genoa, the reddest town in Italy, the crowd took matters into their own hands, disarmed the police, seized six armoured cars which they proceeded to "lose" in the mountains above Rapallo, and erected barricades before their leaders—who ran some risk, it seems, of being thrown into the sea for it—could persuade them that the time for revolution had yet to come. Even a week ago I found Genoa still heaving with the emotion of those tricky days.

More revealing, perhaps, was the success of the opposition in the regional elections for Sardinia a few weeks ago. The Demo-Christian vote was reduced from 309,000 to 193,000 (partly a monarchist gain), while the Left-wing vote

increased from 122,000 won by the Popular Front in 1948 to a total of 181,000 (divided between 110,000 for the Communists, 34,000 for the Nenni Socialists, and 37,000 for a Socialist splinter party led by Lussù which is, however, in opposition to the Government). This setback has apparently shaken the faith of the Demo-Christians in their own electoral future. Although the Constitution lays down that regional elections should be completed this year, Scelba has just announced that they will not be completed until 1950; meanwhile the Government is preparing a bill to provide for indirect election such as should favour its own candidates.

Another indication that these policies of Christian Democracy are sowing, not demoralisation among the ranks of a powerful Left but a new sense of common purpose, is the growing conviction of many Right-wing Socialists that they cannot continue to support De Gasperi. While rigid in their anti-Communism, these men (they include Silone, Romita, and some of the younger leaders like Pietra) consider that their presence in this Government makes nonsense—the Left-wing Socialists say that it makes betrayal—of their theoretical positions. De Gasperi has a big enough majority to govern without them (or without the Republicans, a smaller fraction by far); but he would then find it still more difficult to pretend, as he likes to pretend from time to time, that he is on the side of the workers as well as the angels.

Turin, July BASIL DAVIDSON.

(To be continued).

A LONDON DIARY

HISTORIANS are going to have a deal of difficulty in sorting out the facts from the legends of Unconditional Surrender. Churchill now says that the phrase was made by Roosevelt without consultation with him, and that he was not in a position to refer it back to the War Cabinet. Roosevelt certainly fostered the story that the phrase was an unpremeditated one arising from the difficulties of the Giraud-De Gaulle meeting. "I thought to myself," he is quoted in *White House Papers* as saying, "it was as difficult as arranging the meeting of Grant and Lee—and then suddenly the press conference was on, and Winston and I had had no time to prepare and it popped into my mind that they had called Grant "Old Unconditional Surrender" and the next thing I knew I had said it." But that does not square with the facts. The President, at the press conference, read from a prepared document: "The President and Prime Minister after a complete survey of the world war situation are more than ever determined. . . . This involves the simple formula . . . unconditional surrender." That it was far from unpremeditated is proved by "OPD Exec 10 Item 41," the minutes of the U.S. Joint Chiefs of Staff meeting in Washington on January 7, 1943, three weeks before the announcement of Casablanca. Elliott Roosevelt, his father's aide at Casablanca, gives a first-hand account of a prior lunch at which the phrase was produced: "Churchill frowned, thought, finally grinned and at last announced, 'Perfect! and I can just see how Goebbels and the rest of 'em'll squeal.'" Another American version (Wallace Carroll's *Persuade or Perish*) takes up that last point. According to the evidence of one who was present, Churchill opposed the idea because he feared the effect and the use Goebbels would make of it. "Thus the demand would probably strengthen enemy resistance and prolong the war and cost the lives of many Allied soldiers. . . . Still, when the President insisted, he accepted the policy." That careful consideration did precede the formula is proved by "OPD Exec 10," and it is incredible that it was not communicated by the Combined Chiefs of Staff or in the War Cabinet's series of signals sent from Casablanca.

* * *

Poor General Eisenhower had certainly no reason to suspect that Churchill disagreed with Roosevelt on the formula because, when he "tampered" with it, he earned one of the most blistering rebukes of the war—a "rocket" from the P.M. ordering the Supreme Allied Commander to "keep out of politics." (The harder to take because Ike had had to bear the political odium of Darlan on grounds of "military expediency.") With the lives of his men at stake, the General had been saddled with a phrase which Churchill now says he himself would not have used. Before the assault on Sicily, Allied Force Headquarters had tried to get it modified to soften resistance by suggesting "Peace with Honour" for the Italians. The Old Men flatly refused but later conceded "honourable capitulation" and then recanted after it had already gone out in broadcasts and leaflets. (Leaflets from Britain got passed because Bruce Lockhart amused Ministers by assuring them that "honourable capitulation" was Italian for "unconditional surrender.") Later, when Allied troops were facing the perils of the assault on the mainland, when Mussolini had fallen and when Badoglio was already in touch with the Allies and dithering towards capitulation, Eisenhower tried another "soft line." Because of weather, the pounding of Italian towns by North African-based aircraft was suspended. A.F.H.Q. decided to turn this lull to account by suggesting to the Italians that they were being given a breathing space in which to make up their minds to capitulate. Churchill was furious. He invoked the President and raged at Eisenhower that he knew of no respite, except the weather, and that if North African air forces could not do the job of punishing the Italians, Bomber Command would. And just to prove it, Bomber Harris unloaded 3,000 tons of bombs on Milan, Turin and Genoa, the centres of the militant resistance to Badoglio and the Germans. A few weeks later the P.M. agreed to sustain in power King Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio as part of the negotiated conditions of "unconditional surrender."

* * *

I am looking forward with the keenest interest to seeing this week-end how the *Economist* treats Lord Woolton's statement of Conservative policy. For weeks it has been lambasting the Government for its blindness to the stark facts of our economic plight and its refusal to accept cuts in the Welfare State and "moderate" unemployment as the only method of averting total collapse. Now Lord Woolton comes along with an election programme which frankly outbids the Socialists all along the line, even to the point of offering unlimited quantities of free medicine to anyone who will leave the National Health Scheme and become once again a private patient. The *Economist* has described the Socialist ideas about the crisis as poisonous gas; what epitaph has it got in reserve for the programme of their opponents? Of course, there is an excuse for Lord Woolton. I gather that he had completed *The Right Road to Britain* last March, when it looked as though the dollar gap was closing, and the only hope of defeating the Whigs was to steal their clothes. When the crisis suddenly broke a month ago, his booklet was already running off the presses, and it was far too late to introduce the "blood, tears and sweat" motif which has been the theme recently of Mr. Eden, Mr. Lyttelton and Mr. Eccles. Not that Mr. Churchill has ever felt any inclination to revert in peacetime to the phrases and emotions of his finest hour. He has always despised policy statements almost as much as policy, and at Wolverhampton last Saturday he repeated his 1945 theme, substituting the words "Communist dictatorship" for "Gestapo" to show that he, too, moves with the times. By the way, I agree with most of the Sunday newspapers that 50,000 is a very big crowd for a political meeting. But why did none of them point out that a vastly larger crowd attended the Durham miners' gala where the Prime Minister was speaking at the same time?

* * *

The Labour Party would be very unwise to think that they can counter the Churchill-Woolton line merely by listing its contradictions. We all have contradictory emotions, and contradictory propaganda which appeals to them can be vastly effective. "Never again," an ardent back-bencher said to me last Tuesday as he walked me up and down the Terrace in the early stages of the all-night debate, "never again will the Tories dare to accuse the Labour Government of reckless extravagance." To which I replied: "Stuff and nonsense. They will do it every other day until the Election is over." Indeed, ever since 1945 the outstanding quality of Tory propaganda has been its consistent inconsistency, which shows that Lord Woolton has made a careful study of the techniques evolved by the experts during the war for destroying enemy morale. Day by day he has woven together two propaganda motifs. The first is that the Government is cold-bloodedly starving the people of the abundance they could enjoy if only its sadistic controls were abolished; the second, that it is recklessly pampering the people with the aid of dollars sponged from the Americans. True to these two motifs, the Opposition in Parliament has protested bitterly against every particular item of austerity, from petrol-rationing to the tax on whiskey, from purchase taxes to limited foreign travel, while repeating in general terms that the country is living wildly beyond its means. Anyone who wants to appreciate how skillful this double attack on the nation's morale has been should read *Who are the Patriots?* by Michael Foot and Donald Bruce (Gollancz: 3s. 6d.). This post-war sequel to *Guilty Men* must have involved a great deal of solid research, and gives, largely by means of quotation from Tory sources, a vivid picture first of Tories in power before the war, and then of Tories in opposition after 1945. Its angry readability shows that Michael Foot, when he is given room to deploy his pen, is still the best pamphleteer in the country.

* * *

I gather that the Buchmanites are booming in certain parts of Western Germany, partly, no doubt, because of the peculiar type of sentimentalist revivalism that they peddle, but also, I suspect, because they have provided the West German leaders with their first important international propaganda platform. I note that the largest delegation at the recent Buchmanite "world congress" in Switzerland was from Germany, and that these Germans—an odd collection of employers, trade unionists of the old school like Hans Böckler, professors and students—by no means abstained from mentioning topics as political as dismantling. Two things come to my mind. The first is a memory of 1939. The children of a very Groupy friend, I found, were in the habit of sending birthday cards to Hitler and of receiv-

ing suitably gracious (if indirect) replies. They and their parents thought Hitler a very reasonable kind of man; where they differed from the Cliveden Set, however, was that they held that it was their Group experience which taught them that agreement with Hitler was possible, and much in the nature of a religious duty. The second point is more recent. A finely illustrated booklet called *The Road from Ruin*—the Group's "Good Road," of course—has lately appeared in Germany. Many Control Commission officials have received a copy. I quote a few captions: "Youth, ready for revolution, their hopes and homes blasted, rallied for their first glimpse of young democracy in action" (pictures of Dr. Buchman's youthful democrats at the microphone, toothpaste smiles and all). "In the Ruhr, centre of the struggle for control, the German coal board met an ideology greater than class war." Now this is politics, reactionary politics. And it seems to me that there is no great gap between birthday cards for Hitler in 1939 and arguments against the "class war" (i.e., against social change, for that is what it means) in the Ruhr ten years later. I shall follow Dr. Buchman's German crusade with interest.

* * *

"This has made some of the wide boys feel a bit small!" said my friend, as we were leaving the cinema. "Not what they had come to see at all!" Most true. There was a silence, a something pensive, among the exiting crowds of smooth-haired youths, as they buttoned their double-breasted jackets. Humphrey Bogart, big-hearted lawyer of "Knock On Any Door" (which he also produced), had fulminated directly, passionately, into the auditorium; and though he had damned the public for complacency, in tolerating conditions which breed spivs and spiv-killers, he had also turned the glamour of spivvery inside out, and made it look pretty contemptible. Probably, one felt, the spivs of his West End audience would not have taken this nasty medicine from anyone less tough or less popular; and it is perhaps rather ill-advised simply to dismiss Bogart and his film as "treacly sermonising." Never was this medicine more needed. You cannot go to any tough American film in London just now without finding it packed out with the same sort of audience. They yell with pleasure at every gun-fight and beat-up, and groan at any show of decency. "Our audiences are very sadistic!" I once heard Cavalcanti say. But English films seem to have recovered themselves from their bout of post-war violence. It is Hollywood which is now feeding that appetite, and feeding it luxuriously, with course after course of such films as *Crisscross*, *Force of Violence*, *Act of Evil*, *The Set-Up*, and *Champion*. Whether films like these, brilliant as they undoubtedly are, help to provoke real violence, or offer it a safe imaginary outlet, is, of course, another question which it might pay us to investigate. Perhaps the best purge as far as films themselves are concerned is more and better Bogart.

* * *

A friend of mine was surprised to find his boy back from boarding school much sooner than he expected. "No O.T.C. camp this year?" he asked. "No," was the reply, "it had to be cancelled because the army cooks were needed in Hong Kong." Which prompts me to ask what Field Marshal Montgomery meant when he solemnly assured the Dutch last week that we were ready to fight beside them, whenever they were attacked. Did he mean to imply that troops, too, can live on a diet of hot air?

POLYCRITIC

EGGSEMPLARY

"The dock strike, which has delayed unloading . . . may have affected the quality of some of the eggs." Ministry of Food, July 22.

Consumers hail a truce in Dockland's war,
As addled eggs are taken out of store.
(The lock-out was extempore,
The strike is off, *pro tempore*,
The eggs were off a little while before.)

What can be done with eggs long past their bloom,
With eggs that no consumer can consume?
The egg in bad condition
May be used as ammunition,
And consumers hold them ready—but for whom?

For striking dockers who their breakfast spoil
With eggs unfit to poach or fry or boil?
It must not be forgotten,
Though strike-eggs have gone rotten,
That stevedores to stevedores are loyal.

Should the Cabinet be pelted as a whole
For loyalty to their restricted role?
Recall their stern injunction
When tugmen ceased to function
Through loyalty to alien control.

Should egg-bombs burst among the C.S.U.
To whom the ration's rottenness is due?
No! though they called the dock out,
They also stopped the lock-out,
Which Government and Unions could not do.

Should samples of the putrefying freight
Be hurled at the Trade Union leader's pate?
It was not *his* embargo
That decomposed the cargo,
And the lighterman is loyal to his mate.

Should loathsome yolks be at Lord Ammon aimed,
For sanctions unofficially proclaimed?
At the Shipping Federation,
Who aided dock stagnation?
Or should the Government's Big Five be blamed?

None in the dock dispute have censure earned,
The men with striking honours have returned,
Though perishables perish,
The right to strike they cherish,
And credit must redound to all concerned.

For loyalty the workers may rebel,
From loyalty the State may not compel,
But eggs too long neglected
Are adversely affected,
And how bad eggs, and loyalty, can smell!

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Undoubtedly, the real beauty of the garden, which was jointly constructed by Messrs. William Wood, of Taplow, and the L.C.C., did most to draw the enormous crowds which swam like dazed but willing fish into our rapacious net; but other reasons also prevailed—one of the chief being to smell the roses already smelt by T.R.H. Prince William of Gloucester and Prince Michael of Kent, and above all to see the exact spot in which H.M. The Queen sheltered from the rain which so inconveniently marred her visit.—W.V.S. *Bulletin*. (Joan Skipsey.)

Brighton Film Studios are making a Conservative propaganda film without a name. The public will not be allowed to see it.—*Brighton & Hove Gazette*. (E. A. Ambrose.)

It is difficult to give a suitable answer when a child asks where someone is, now that he is dead . . . To say that he has "gone to Heaven," at the same time indicating the sky, may lead to a fear of flying.—Letter in *Daily Mirror*. (K. G. O. Watts.)

THE GREEN BOOK

After Haigh had heard sentence of death passed upon him, and had been taken below, the crowd in the court-room began to break up. Looking down from the gallery, I saw a clerk take from the judge's desk a large green book, tattered at the edges, and hand it to Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe, who, nodding pleasant acknowledgment, handed it to Dr. Yellowlees. The distinguished doctor shuffled it out of sight with a mien which suggested manful discouragement. The green book, a work of the Florentine Professor Tanzi, contained that "authoritative chapter on paranoia," which had come back with such force into his mind after his talks with the prisoner. Haigh, he said, had given his own case-history in terms which the Florentine professor had characterised as sure marks of the paranoiac. Yet this scholastic authority, which excited Dr Yellowlees, had not been much help in court.

Indeed, the doctor had had a rough passage. When he sat down, after nearly two and a half hours in the box, he let his head fall on his left hand, while his right hand traced idle movements with a silver pencil over a blank sheet of paper. He looked unhappy. Trouble had started for him while he was still explaining the early effects on Haigh of an austere home-life. "Do I understand," Mr. Justice Humphreys interrupted, "that you have been to his home and interviewed his people?" "No, my Lord." "All that you are telling us now is what the prisoner has said to you?" It was so, and one could not mistake in the doctor's face the sudden perception of a dilemma, which later became clear to everyone, when he had to admit that Haigh's word, the word of a paranoiac, was "utterly unreliable." It looked as though he was seeing this trap for the first time, and that the sudden awareness shook his confidence in the great range of case-history and diagnosis, which had still to come.

The dilemma soon took other forms, and confronted him at every turn. He had not "troubled to inquire"—this was the judge's phrase, uttered with something like incredulity—about the money and property Haigh acquired by his murders. He made an elementary mistake, which the Attorney-General turned to account, about the number of times he had interviewed Haigh. He supported himself with generalizations and assertions, in psychiatric language, which caused the head of the aged judge to nod downwards with impatient perplexity. Finally, he was not able to answer the crucial questions covering the present legal tests of insanity, in a sense favourable to Haigh's plea.

These questions are difficult for any psychiatrist or mental specialist who appears in court. They are set out in the Macnaughton Rules, which were devised by the judges 106 years ago, and have not been revised since. A specialist may be convinced that a murderer is insane, while unable to deny in cross-examination either that he "knew the nature and quality of the act that he was doing," or, alternatively, that he "did not know that what he was doing was wrong." He may, in fact, be obliged to give answers which help to send to the gallows the man whose insanity he has come to plead. It is an unpleasant problem, which may seem insurmountable. Nevertheless, the painful impressions left in my mind by the dilemma of Haigh's defence did not seem to depend entirely on these difficulties.

It is not my concern to argue whether Haigh is sane or insane, nor what should be his penalty. But when insanity is pleaded for a murderer, then the problem of the defence, how best to reach and influence the mind of a jury, becomes

unusually important; it demands special precautions and extraordinary foresight. Rules or no rules, a jury is capable of being influenced. The Macnaughton Rules themselves came about as a result of a case in which a verdict of acquittal had caused an outcry of public protest. The public is not likely to be the first to move forward in such matters, nor is the law. A revision of the existing rules, such as would make them more amenable to modern medical science, will probably not occur except by consequence of some other actual case, in which the medical view has been presented with greater effect. The question is, the rules being what they are, how is that effect to be produced?

It is easier, after Haigh's trial, to note how it is *not produced*. For example, it was not much use for Dr. Yellowlees, drawing on his thirty-seven years' experience, to assert in court:

> Very few forms of insanity are amenable to the questions which the law requires. Medical people don't estimate insanity in terms of reasoning power and logical ability.

The frontal generalisation only stirred antagonism. One could not but be conscious of a strong current of what psychiatrists call "resistance" running through the court, an undertow of scepticism, slowed by a sense of fair play and of the gravity of the matter. For example, when defending counsel asked the judge if he would like to see the full list of Dr. Yellowlees' qualifications, he got the reply: "No, thank you. If he's a qualified doctor of medicine, that's good enough for me, as far as I'm concerned." That was ominous. So, too, were the words of the Attorney-General, when, in his most comfortable, most reassuring—and most dangerous—manner, he invited the jury to "keep their feet on the ground . . . not be carried too far into speculations and conjectures . . . about paranoiacs and psychoses and dream-states and irresistible urges. . . ."

No doubt there is, in such legal throw-outs, a very subtle pandering to public prejudice, a siding with "resistance," without infringement of the letter of the law. But this, surely, is the very thing which a psychiatrist ought to anticipate. He cannot arm himself against the quick wits of the law: its upsetting, perfectly deliberate admonitions to "look at your notes," to "be a little careful," its rapid verbal juggling with "ought" and "wont," "punishable" and "wrong," these may well catch him off guard. Nor can he dispose of the Macnaughton Rules. Yet there are some things which he could do, which would, I believe, make quite a difference.

The study of the mind is not like that of the body. It takes its specialists into regions where other systems of thought already prevail, covering the whole range of human conduct. The psychiatrist approaches the normal world with a set of concepts, and a language, which are not those of the majority of people in it. For years he has dealt with the abnormal, in hospital and consulting-room, and it may require of him an effort of adjustment, to envisage the reactions of people not like that. Next to me in the gallery at Lewes sat an elderly gentleman, who had been summoned for jury service, but was not one of the twelve balloted. "The trouble with these chaps," he suddenly whispered, while Dr. Yellowlees was explaining the paranoiac's "tendency to avoid reality," "is that a bit of their own system gets into themselves."

From time to time Dr. Yellowlees referred to Haigh as "the patient." To win the patient's confidence, a psychiatrist must stand clear of moral censure. He may not remember that what are to him shocking symptoms are to a jury shocking acts. He may forget, when he generalises, that the jury are looking at a particular man, not just another paranoiac. "The solitary schoolboy is the potential paranoiac." "Many forgers and swindlers have the paranoid constitution." Such remarks have their meaning, but it is too long a step for a jury to feel that a man must become an insane murderer because of a lonely childhood. Many people, after all, survive such beginnings. When amassing his case-history, the psychiatrist may be more interested in the patient's feeling about facts than in the facts themselves. The opposite is true for a jury; and no green book, no amount of qualifications or clinical experience will take the place, in their minds, of supported evidence. They are likely to feel that it would not be difficult for a clever criminal to imitate the symptoms of a mental disease. Indeed, traits which, taken together, give the psychiatrist his pattern of abnormality may, individually, suggest "normal" criminal foresight to a juryman. For instance, a "methodical and pedantic mind."

It is easy enough, outside courts, to talk about the antiquated nature of law, and to disparage it in the attractive, up-to-date language of psychiatry. The law does, indeed, set formidable problems. But I feel, after the experience of Haigh's trial, that all that sort of talk is useless. A policy is needed. There are psychiatrists who concern themselves seriously with the problems and pitfalls of their method, when it has to face established social thought; to a certain extent all do so, of whatever "school." Why should they not elect a committee, which should guide the expert side of defence, whenever they are called upon to testify to insanity? Quite apart from the mass of minor detail on which they could lay down guidance (absolute necessity of accuracy, for example), they could also insist on certain conditions, without which no member would undertake to appear. For example, they might consider it necessary, in a case like this one, to ask that more than one specialist should be called; not through doubt of the one, but for the sake of the effect in court. Secondly, they might insist on the weakness of the unsupported case-history, and ask for other evidence of fact; again, because of the law and the court. In many such matters they could be of great help to defence counsel, who understands the law, but not psychiatry. The point here is, not whether a particular defence succeeds or fails, but whether psychiatric method will allow itself to be so discredited as to delay its chance of ever influencing the law. In that struggle a closely-contested defeat is hardly less important than a victory.

GILES ROMILLY

CRADLE TO CASKET

CANTON lies steamy and stagnant in the midsummer heat awaiting its burial as a contending capital of China. In a quarter of a century this Southern city has seen the Kuomintang's entire cycle—from cradle to casket. Born here in 1923 as a revolutionary organisation, including both Communists and conservative Nationalists under Sun Yat-sen's leadership, its armies swept North from here in 1926 to conquer China. To-day the battered Right wing of the Kuomintang has retreated to Canton, harried by the Communists with whom it split in 1927.

There was a touch of panic at the end of May and beginning of June after the news that the Communists captured the Wuhan cities to the North-west of Canton. A factor contributing to the panic among the rich was the persistent rumour that the Communists practised rationing of wives. According to this absurd report, rich men would be deprived of their No. 2, No. 3 and No. 4 wives or concubines, and unmarried girls would be assigned to the first male who filed an application. When the panic was over, Canton had lost many of its wealthier families and higher officials to Hongkong and Macao, a half-hour's flight away.

For most of the 1,500,000 who remain, the present mood is one of resignation. This is aided by the city's having found a bit of temporary economic stability, at a rather low level. Curiously enough, the British-backed Hongkong dollar has become the *de facto* currency. Even the banks and post offices pay out in Hongkong dollars. On July 1, the Government here proclaimed the silver dollar as the official currency, but they probably don't have enough silver to make it stick. They have been importing silver dollars—newly minted duplicates of the Maria Theresa Austrian coin, with the date of 1873!

One of the elements that has made for a sort of temporary economic stability is the fact that there is enough rice. Kwangtung province—of which Canton is the capital—raises only 80 per cent. of the rice needed by its thirty million people, but the deficiency is made up by E.C.A. from stocks in Hongkong, and the available rice is efficiently distributed. Many businesses have been brought to a stand-still by uncertainty and the breakdown of communications, but the restaurants and the *fan-tan* gambling houses are crowded: "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we shall be austere Communists!" Astrologers, sand-writers and the temple gods are being heavily consulted by Cantonese anxious to find out how soon the Communists are coming. These prophets agree that the Communists will arrive by autumn. This coincides with the opinions of more mundane military observers, who feel that the heavy floods to the North and the Communists' need for regrouping will delay their taking this city earlier. No one thinks that the hodge-podge of one hundred thousand local Kuomintang troops can stop the Communists.

In fact, over fifty thousand Communist guerillas already occupy considerable sections of Kwangtung province, where they have been active since early in the Japanese war. During the past half-year there has been a rapid upsurge of activity. There are Communist bands reported in virtually every county of the province. A solid area extending over fifteen magistracies is under their occupation about 120 miles North-east of Canton on the Kwangtung-Kiangsi-Fukien border. It is not surprising that the Communists have had success here because Kwangtung is one of the provinces most harassed by over-population and tenantry. It is as a result of these conditions and the enterprising character of the Kwangtung Chinese that this province has supplied virtually all the emigrants from China. Its chronic rural misery has been deepened by the falling off of remittances from its millions of emigrant sons abroad in the postwar period.

Communist strength has been enhanced by the piecemeal defection to them of Kuomintang units. The ordered arrest at the end of June of General Wu Chi-wai, formerly Vice-Comander of the Kwangtung Pacification Office, indicates how high pro-Communist feeling has penetrated. There was a mutiny of a company of the province's Fifth Division on June 19, following on the example of two regiments which mutinied and went over to the Communists in mid-May. In addition, this traditionally revolutionary city is reported to harbour a well-organised Communist underground, co-ordinated with the rural guerilla bands. In May, Garrison headquarters claimed to have uncovered a fragment of it, disguised as a wholesale firm.

Meanwhile a heavy atmosphere of political impotence surrounds the crowded quarters of the Kuomintang's refugee Government in Canton. For the second time in recent months, the Kuomintang's weakened authority has been further sapped by being split in two. Last February the diehards around Premier Sun Fo—motivated by Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek—set up a "Southern Resistance Government" in Canton as a protest against Acting President Li Tsung-jen's negotiations with the Communists. The Government can to-day be again compared to a pair of separated Siamese twins, with Canton as the weaker sister. Acting President Li has the sceptre of authority in Canton, while the Generalissimo hoards the reality of authority in Formosa. The Generalissimo has the bulk of China's remaining navy and air force there—both of them much stronger than anything the Communists can mount—and the bulk of China's silver and gold. Few Kuomintang generals will do anything Acting President Li or Premier (and Defence Minister) Yen Hsishan tell them, unless the Generalissimo also agrees. Many things are done by Formosa-based air and naval commanders without even informing Canton. As a result, many members of the Canton government are constantly flying to Formosa to beg Chiang Kai-shek for support for some Government programme.

Little wonder that the (never efficient) Kuomintang Government machine is aimlessly slowing to a stop. Packing cases of records sent from Nanking still clutter the halls of some Government offices, and the odds are that they won't be opened here but will be shipped on to Chungking. Only about a third of the Nanking rank-and-file officials accompanied the Government here. Even less will accompany the Government on its next move because they have become fed up with working and living on insufficient pay in an overcrowded city where they are made to feel like "foreigners" because they don't speak the local dialect.

The leaders of the Canton Government impress one as men desperately anxious to avoid their historic burial. Observers here roared with laughter on June 26 when Premier Yen Hsi-shan vowed: "If I fail (as Premier) my best reward will be suicide!" This hardbitten old warlord, who ruled Shansi with an iron hand since 1911, had also promised to commit suicide if the Communists captured his provincial capital of Taiyuan. He even posed for a *Life* photographer with a table full of cyanide potassium poison capsules which he promised to take with his staff as the Communists entered. The Communists entered Taiyuan in April, and shortly thereafter General Yen was a successful aspirant for the post of Premier.

After having failed to negotiate a successful settlement with the Communists in April, Acting President Li seems very bitter against the Communists, attacking them in May as "thoroughly and completely controlled from Moscow." But in mid-June he received a call from General Liu Fei, formerly a close associate, and one of the Kuomintang delegates sent to Peiping for the abortive peace talks. General Liu Fei, who belongs to Acting President Li's "Kwangsi Clique," is reported to have brought a special offer to the Acting President from the Communists. General Li is reported to have turned this down, but few traditional Chinese political leaders like to be without an alternative escape hatch.

One of the most prevalent sounds in Canton is the scurrying of Kuomintang politicians deserting the sinking ship. Professor Hu Shih, who strongly advised the Generalissimo to "fight to the end" against the Communists, has not returned to take up his post of Foreign Minister. He prefers to lecture in American universities, and the Canton government prefers not to announce his refusal to return. The number of fleeing officials has become so large that the Control Yuan has recently asked for an investigation of the large number of diplomatic and official passports issued since April.

Despite these desertions there is still a small, hard core of diehards who listen anxiously for every speech out of Washington and clutch at every straw. In the recent past their morale has been tremendously bolstered by the initial successes of the Kuomintang's attempted blockade of Communist ports. Some of the more canny Kuomintang leaders, however, recognise that while this blockade can make things very difficult for the Communists' civil administration of cities like Shanghai, it will not appreciably affect the Communists' military ability to take cities like Canton. But as the Kuomintang stalwarts prepare to withdraw from Canton to Chungking or Formosa, they continue to hang on to one big straw which figures in their every waking thought: the hope that in the case of another war they will be resuscitated as allies against the Communists. A visiting humourist alluded to this after he emerged from interviews with several Kuomintang leaders. "Where is the temple to the Goddess of World War Three?" he asked, "They certainly all worship at her shrine!"

Canton, July. ANDREW ROTH

SO THEY SAY . . .

AFTER three days of intoxication with the Ammon-Attlee joust, which was variously compared with farce, tragedy, tragi-comedy, a crazy minuet, the Marx brothers, and circus clowns running in and out of swing doors, the Conservative press last week turned eagerly to its party's official statement of policy, *The Right Road For Britain*. The chorus of welcome was by no means full-throated.

The *Daily Mail* complained that the plan "lacked fire and inspiration," that the proposals for Imperial priorities could mean "anything—or nothing." The *Daily Express* considered it "unsatisfactory because influences are at work that . . . seek, in a fumbling way, to compete with the projects and promises of the Left." The *Evening Standard*, too, was disappointed: "They hedge, they qualify, they hesitate," it grumbled. Only the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily Graphic* had nothing but praise for the plan. The *Telegraph* assured its readers that "no one who can read should complain that it is difficult to assimilate," while the *Graphic* headed its editorial, "No Fake Prospectus." It then continued (July 23):

> [The Tory] policy is realistic, as Mr. Butler's answers yesterday at the Conservative Party press conference showed. One example is Mr. Butler's reply to a question about equal pay for women . . . "equal pay" is an issue which is clear-cut and constant . . . therefore, it was answered unequivocally.

This view was not shared by Tom Driberg, M.P., who was at the press conference.

Reynold's News, July 24:

> Perhaps the best test of the honest and practical nature of this document is its section on Equal Pay for Women. . . . Would this get priority, asked [a colleague]. "As much priority as any other reform," said Butler. . . . One vigorous lady at the conference [wanted to know] "how and when" it would be introduced? "I can't be more clear than this language here," said the patient Butler—the "language" being: "The question of adopting this principle must be left to the machinery of collective bargaining."

When the lady greets this with "an eternity of scepticism" in her voice, Mr. Butler laments the "chronic incredulity of the female mind"—and Driberg comments:

> With the incredulity of her kind, she may recall that great scene in the last [Tory] Parliament when the House overrode this same R. A. Butler, then in charge of education, and voted for Equal Pay for women teachers; and the less great scene next day when Churchill personally made the House reverse its vote. . . .

Disputed Glory

Daily Herald, July 20:

> A woman's sixth, protective sense against a man who is not "quite right" was the direct cause of the police investigation that led to the conviction of John George Haigh. The woman: Sergeant Alexandra Maude Lambourne, of the Metropolitan Police. . . . A high official of Scotland Yard declared: ". . . it is quite fair to say she started the enquiry."

Daily Mail, July 20:

> It was a piece of bad luck which finally led to Haigh's downfall. Detective-Inspector Shelley Symes, of the Chelsea C.I.D., making a routine check at the Onslow Court Hotel, almost bumped into Haigh in the vestibule . . . one glance at Haigh's face and his mind registered that here was a confidence man he had dealt with years before . . . from then on he had Haigh watched night and day.

Sunday Dispatch, July 24:

> HOW HAIGH PROBE BEGAN
>
> A man sat reading the *Sunday Dispatch*. Suddenly he jumped up from his armchair and dialled 999. . . .

Lady Windermere's Fans

Observer, July 24:

> WILDE AND WOOLLY

Evening Standard, July 21:

> NO OSCAR FOR THIS

Dail Mail, July 22:

> NO OSCAR FOR THIS WILDE

Daily Telegraph, July 25:

> NO OSCAR FOR WILDE IN '92

Star, July 22:

> LADY WINDERMERE'S FANS WILL BE WILD

AUTOLYCUS

PRIVATE COLLECTORS

HAVING vanquished Carthage in the year 146 B.C., Scipio Emilianus saw to it that the great city, or what was left of it, was completely removed from the Mediterranean coast. No further Punic wars, as every schoolboy will be glad to confirm, have since been recorded. Carthage never again played a part in politics. Disarmament was totally effective.

Nowadays that sort of thing is much more difficult—one reason being that Scipio merely wished to stop further Punic wars whereas we wish to stop war altogether. Whether this is possible or indeed universally and sincerely desired, a mere political non-expert cannot possibly tell. To a non-expert such as me, the accomplishment of eternal world peace seems to be no problem at all. But we non-experts are probably colour-blind. At any rate, we are too naive to see the sense of future great military clashes, if in the end everybody concerned should again be hungry and cold and sitting in the dark.

True, some beginnings of disarmament can be hopefully recorded. The victorious Allies have given a lead by transforming a good many of their Marshals, Generals and Admirals into Ministers, Ambassadors and Civil Servants, thus demilitarising them as it were. On the other hand, it is only fair and logical that with us Germans, the defeated starters of the whole trouble, disarmament should be tackled even more energetically. Thus, some munition dumps and arms' stores were blown up, ships were scuttled, factories dismantled—so much so indeed that the non-expert from time to time couldn't help thinking that maybe one or another of those factories might have been put to making stoves or pots and pans, or knives and spoons, or match-boxes.

However, the non-expert was probably wrong again.

As for the inventors of our famous secret weapons, since their brains could be neither dismantled nor easily transformed, a clever plan was devised to stop them from getting us into mischief again; they were simply packed off to other countries. There, in due time, it should be easier to adjust their inventive brains to something like stream-lined plough-shares rather than sharp swords.

One of the more immediate measures here in Germany was the collection of all weapons and other armaments which, at the end of the war, were still in private hands. To facilitate and expedite that collection, the authorities used the whip of increased penalties as well as the carrot of repeated amnesties. This produced fairly quick results. I have looked at some official figures, and find that, as early as two years after the end of the war, the Bavarian Police had collected 1,700 bayonets, 1,570 rifles and 1,000 revolvers. Among the weapons freely handed over to the Police at that early date were also 20 tommy-guns and 20 machine guns.

Once again the non-expert is puzzled. Did those private collectors wish to keep their machine-guns merely as mementos? Or had they used them for interior decoration, maybe over the settee in the drawing room? But what about the 21 guns, 3 tanks and one U-boat torpedo which, according to my official figures, were handed over after their collectors had hoarded them for nearly two years? Here, more than ever, the non-expert is puzzled. Where, for instance, does one keep one's tank? In my flat it just couldn't be fitted. It would certainly be easier to fit my flat into a tank. Moreover, if one did happen to find a gun in the street, why on earth should one wish to take it home and hide it for years?

Once upon a time, strictly as a (temporary) side-job, I had something to do with 6-inch howitzers. Well, in 1918, they could have offered me one on a silver-platter, I wouldn't have taken it. I would have been afraid too. Suppose the Müllers came to dinner and saw the old gun standing in the hall, and all this being strictly *verboten* anyway! One must be very deeply attached to one's old regiment to give hospitality to a 5-ton tank or a flame-thrower.

But what about the chap who had hung on to the old torpedo for two years? Surely, if he didn't hand it over at once, it was merely because he was afraid to make a fool of himself. Fancy carting a man-size U-boat torpedo along a cobbled village street in the Bavarian mountains! What would people say if he dropped the heavy thing in the Church Square? But how on earth did he get hold of it in the first place? As for guns and tanks, one might well have found them lying about all over Bavaria. But a U-boat torpedo! How and why did it get there all the way from Kiel or Wilhelmshafen? We may well ask. We may, indeed, have to go on asking for some time to come. For it is said that some of those private collectors are so fond of their treasure that even the last amnesty could not induce them to part from it. The Police may still have to do their own collecting, item by item and shot by shot.

ERICH KÄSTNER.

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Wight

. . . I am sending you Ivor Brown's *Shakespeare*, which is the best account of him I have ever read, though I cannot pretend to have read them all. Consider this, as a taste of its quality: "If a writer has no single, strong doctrinal urge, but responds quickly to the beauty or the bitterness of things seen and felt, and has the supreme verbal felicity, the mastery of rhythm, and the flash of phrase so completely possessed by Shakespeare, his immortality is assured." It seems to me that this single sentence—and a very good sentence it is too—states the whole case. But the entire book, as you will see, is on that level. It is at once sensitive and sensible, and has—a valuable and rare asset in a Shakespearean study—a topical air: we look at Shakespeare as men of today.

Ivor Brown was the man for this job. He has as much scholarship as is necessary, and the sort of patience that I for one could never find in myself. But he has also been a dramatic critic for thirty years, and married an actress who became a successful producer of plays. Thus, unlike the professors, he has been in the kitchen where drama is cooked. With some exceptions, such as Walter Raleigh and "Q" and that ingenious storyteller who prefers to call himself "Michael Innes," the kind of man who slogs his way to a chair of Eng. Lit. has little hope of understanding how a creative writer thinks, feels and works, and least of all the creative writer who toils in that gaudy old bagnio, the Theatre. These professors insist upon regarding Shakespeare as another professor. What they cannot do, then he could not have done. For example, they imagine that if he describes shipwrecks, then he must have been to sea; that if he uses legal terms, then he must have been a lawyer. It never occurs to them that a man like Shakespeare could have sat for an hour in a pub and overheard all he wanted to know about sailors and lawyers. Bless their innocent hearts!—even I can write long novels about touring concert parties, City offices, aircraft factories, and plays (which demand less detailed observation) about almost anybody and anything, so that people write by the hundred to enquire how I obtained so much information, so much insight; and if I, an indolent man, addicted to lolling in my study, smoking a pipe over detective stories, can work this trick, then Shakespeare could have done it almost in his sleep. Out of a few experiences that most professors and scholars would remember merely as dim minor inconveniences, Shakespeare could extract the raw material of fifty scenes.

Nobody has suffered more than the Bard from the idiotic mantraps of that *either/or* logic which always allows the truth to elude it. Either Shakespeare was a desperate hack, hardly knowing what he was saying and doing, or he was the supreme artist, indifferent to wealth and worldly fame, stepping down in disguise from some mystical height. Nonsense. He was neither, but there was a touch of both in him. Either his characters are like real people, so that we ought to know where they went to school and how many cousins they had, or they are creatures without any background, only intended to exist within four or five acts. (And large volumes have been written to support each of these views.) Nonsense again; the truth being somewhere between these two extremes, as every creative writer knows. Then, either Shakespeare was as "pure" as a Victorian headmistress but weakly consented to give the groundlings some bawdy stuff, or he was an over-sexed fellow who had a passion for obscenity. Nonsense yet again; for it is his critics who are odd in this matter, the poet himself reflecting a reasonably normal taste for obscene witticisms. And here Ivor Brown avoids both the idiotic method and the ridiculous conclusions, showing admirable common sense.

There is so much in this book that it may seem ungrateful to ask for a little more. For my part, though you may not agree, I could have done with more on the dramatist at work, though Brown is excellent on some points of style. I should like to have seen Brown handling Shakespeare, as if this were last night's dramatist, as robustly as he has so often handled some of us contemporary playmakers. He needs no tips from me, but he shall have them. Shakespeare's construction is often shockingly careless, for any stage. Fine speeches are given to characters who could not possibly have uttered them. Many of the minor personages are among the biggest bores ever inflicted upon the world. Unlike Jonson, Decker, Heywood and others, he was afraid of handling contemporary life, and yet, going into the past, did not deal justly with it on its own terms. Much of his highly-praised wisdom is merely so much conventional cant and prejudice. He is often sugary, often pompous, often obscure. For so great a genius, he was a singularly timid writer, terrified of challenging the more important customers. He made every penny he could out of the Theatre, but repeatedly apologised for his mummeries, a contemptible attitude to adopt. He was an actor-manager on the make, a time-server, a sitter-on-the-fence, probably a sleek toady; and, like my friend Ivor Brown, I love the man and would not exchange him for any dozen thundering prophets.

I delight in Shakespeare's feeling for and enjoyment of atmosphere: the moonlit wood of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*: the green-gold afternoon Forest of Arden; the shadowed walks and blazing flower-beds of *Twelfth Night*: the enchanted foam and sand and seamist of *The Tempest*: every play is thick and rich with atmosphere, haunting the mind like some old happy holiday. Setting aside Hamlet and Cleopatra and the big stuff—I delight in those minor comic figures, as fresh today, with all their humour still sparkling, as when he first created them, figures that make Ben Jonson's look like a waxwork show. I delight in, just as I share in my own fashion, his childlike desire to have his lovable characters all cosy and convivial together, making a colossal birthday party out of them. And I delight, far more than I do in his much-praised visual imagery, in the wonder and glory of his sense of rhythmical speech, that matchless ear of his which enabled him to give us character and emotion in a cadence, to capture phrases that after three centuries dissolve us into laughter or sting us with tears. Shaw can write, and has brains enough for ten dramatists, but on this level of writing he is not fit to fill Shakespeare's inkwell.

Since mentioning in public that I was sleeping badly, I have had letters by the score giving me good advice. They are still coming in,

from further and further afield, and probably in a year's time a last batch will arrive from the Upper Amazon or South Georgia. Now that the weather is cooler I am sleeping better, but truth, however ungracious it may seem, compels me to add that my kind correspondents have not been much help. A large proportion of them tell me sternly to relax, and evidently assumed that when I referred to tossing and turning I meant that I was performing acrobatic feats most of the night. Others, overlooking my remarks that tricks demanding concentration would not do, explain their own particular tricks. They forget that I am a professional imaginer, and that asking me to imagine anything amounts to putting me back to work again. There were various odd fish who suggested I should practically stop eating, and one or two seemed to think I ought to stop living. One brute offered me his unreadable short stories, and added that a book of mine had been sending him to sleep for years. A gentleman we will call Buggins said that he always imagined his favourite B.B.C. announcer saying to him, over and over again: "Buggins, your mind is at rest." Perhaps the best letter was one that told me to go to bed with a sharp contempt for the whole nonsense of sleeping, not caring a rap whether I slept or not. Sometimes I suspect that if I allowed myself to curl up in the drawing room or my study, about eleven, I should probably be off to sleep in five minutes. It is all the elaborate preparations for going to sleep, the turning out of downstairs lights, the undressing, washing, teeth-brushing, pill-swallowing, that make me wakeful again. But enough of this.

"I couldn't care less." This phrase, common among our younger folk, has come in for some severe criticism lately, as indicating an indifferent or cynical habit of mind. But what do these moralists expect? If young men and women grow up in a world of total warfare and atom bombs, of rigid fanaticism and savage prejudice, then they have to protect themselves by saying "I couldn't care less" or stick their heads in a gas oven. Human nature has to adjust itself to immediate circumstances, so now, when it is still young and flexible, it goes about, in easy clothes and with not much ambition, crying that it couldn't care less. And if these elderly moralists want to do something useful, they might ignore their favourite target, careless youth, and concentrate their wrath upon really powerful dangerous older men, who couldn't care more.

There must be a slump here. I overheard a woman saying that this year, for the first time in her twenty-five years as an assistant in a greengrocer's, she has had customers, holiday-makers too, asking for quarter-pounds of cherries. All this with a quivering touch of horror in her voice. So, you see, for us Life is just a quarter-of-a-pound of cherries.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From "The New Statesman," July, 1924

When We Came In

We do not pretend to know the object of the diatribes of men like Trotsky and Zinovieff, of the constant abuse of the British Prime Minister and the Labour Government, of the wearisome defiance of the brutal capitalists. Nor do we know their precise effect in Russia. But we know their effect here. They delight the Communist Party of Great Britain and the anti-Bolshevik Tories, and they arouse feelings that range from violent disgust to quiet despair in the rest of us. Those of us who know the Bolshevik ways may attach little importance to these things—as little as an ordinary Christian attaches to the recital of the Athanasian Creed. But most of those whom the Russians should be conciliating, and whose money they want, do attach importance to them.

The Arts and Entertainment

SALON DE MAI Ve

RISING from the banks of the Seine, a little to the left of the Trocadéro and stretching back to the Avenue Président Wilson, is the huge white Palais de New-York, vile, crawling bas-relief breaking out all over the barren white flatnesses of its river façades. With its two distinct wings, each of three storeys, it must be four times the size of the Tate. The large Musée d'Art Moderne takes up only a part of one wing, and there is still space for three or four large independent exhibitions at the same time. One of these this June and July was the fifth exhibition of the new *Salon de Mai*. But first I must mention an event in the opposite wing—the special exhibition of paintings, brush drawings and textile designs executed during the past two years or so by Henri Matisse, now seventy-nine. The last "latest" Matisse's I saw (at the V. and A. in December, 1945) impressed me very much at the time. But looking at works of that vintage immediately upon coming away from the present show there seemed no doubt that Matisse, in these canvases of '47 and '48, has moved forward: a very remarkable achievement for an old man, now said to be far from robust. The new pictures are large and the flaring brilliance of their scarlets, oranges, crimsons, lemon yellows, blacks and numerous subtle blues has a softness (of texture and of touch) that makes the works of the early 1940's look hard and brittle. The subjects are much the same—a table with fruit and a huge spray of flowers in a jug before an open window: a pineapple floating in luminous folds of tissue paper, like a flower bud sunk amid enfolding leaves—but the vision has developed still further. Scribbled expanses of brilliant thin paint evoke sunlight and shadow in ways hitherto unexplored. One word of protest, however, at the incredible framing and hanging of these magnificent works. With nothing but the horrible half-inch strip of deal (now so popular in Paris) surrounding each canvas, and with no more than nine inches of wall separating the largest, each from each, the Musée d'Art Moderne compelled one to survey every painting between the improvised blinkers of one's two hands. Clearly this fashion of "no frames" has got out of hand.

At the *Salon de Mai* it was actually a condition of entry that an exhibitor's work should only be "framed" by a half-inch strip all round. Doubtless the motive was to impose equality: but the result was to lessen the value of every single painting in the show except, perhaps, the most abstract. Two abstract painters of considerable renown (in Paris) are Manessier and Bazaine. A canvas by Bazaine consists of four or five hundred ragged little squares of paint strung together in swaying rows surging up and across the canvas. It is as though he had stretched a piece of fish net across and painted through the holes with a large square brush—one touch (but always in a different colour or tone) per hole. His feeling for paint is good and the picture has a slightly Bonnardian fuzziness, a quality shared by Manessier. But Manessier's design is quite different: a static, flat network of squares and elongated oblongs of all sizes lies flat against the canvas: there is no movement, as in Bazaine; Manessier is purely architectural, and so are many other abstract painters here whose rhythms are cerebral, cliché rhythms. Palazuelo's Klee-like mosaics had good colour. But Ben Nicholson and Victor Pasmore would have put most of the abstract members of the *Salon de Mai* in the shade—an assertion which I have not space to uphold now in detail. Enough to say that in Nicholson and Pasmore the abstraction seems a point of arrival, whereas for these French painters it seems one of departure: the English is condensed from rich experience and feeling for real things; the French is the result of (one repeats the word) cerebral dictation.

Despite this large abstract section the group that seemed to be at the centre of the show were some painters with whom we are more familiar over here: Pignon, Borès, Mucha, Tailleux, Tal Coat. The new names (new to us, with one exception) which I would add to these, as holding the greatest promise for the future, are Clavé, Civet, Venard, Buffet and Minaux. While Beaudin (to be seen at *Galerie Louise Leiris*) and Estève, for instance, were not represented, such well-known painters as Masson (a derivative artist if ever there was one), André Marchand, Hélion, Desnoyer and the sculptor Lipchitz were present. Pignon's slice-of-melon units of abstraction have been infectious: Burtin's crude use of them is not the only example. The large *Ostende* by Pignon, beautifully executed as usual, nevertheless left one wondering how much vitality this artist really possesses: his combination of flat, sweeping, curvilinear abstractions with a sense of the real scene—in this case, the quay with fishermen: sails and masts behind—is still brilliant. But I felt that at last he was getting too tidy: his subject is slowly receding further and further behind the surface design: and because I believe a love of his subject is the very core of a painter's inspiration I fear Pignon may soon be repeating himself. Borès on the other hand is stronger now than at any other time in his career, as one saw at his excellent show at the *Galerie de France*. One of the best pictures at the *Salon de Mai* was *La Fenêtre* by Tailleux: admittedly near to Matisse, Tailleux strikes one as less ambitious than many. He does not seek to change the face of painting: he is content to recreate the view (seen past two poppies in a jug) through the window to the sea. A witty structure, compositionally, and clear, light, brilliant, gay colours are his means. "Long live the subject!" one cries amid the striving geometricians.

However, "the Object" is going to recover all the ground it has lost (not that Braque, for instance, ever abandoned it for one second). A separate four-man show of Clavé, Civet, Venard and Buffet at *Galerie Roux-Hentschel* contained portraits, still lifes and landscapes, in which the reality of the painters' subjects was vigorously affirmed. Indeed the works of these four artists were the most hopeful and exciting thing I came across. A picture by Venard of a kitchen table with three artichokes, a knife, a little lamp, and a palette hanging on the wall, was excellent. Thick paint applied and cemented with a knife makes the bare planes calm and solid: purples, browns, whites and pale emerald greens are his colours. Civet paints thinly by comparison: two landscapes with white houses and a huge *Intérieur* with figures seemed at first to be too nervous, almost brittle. But the somewhat scraggy triangular planes melt as one looks at them and the subject, full of air and light, looms through. Clavé, with a most assured and versatile brush, paints portraits and still lifes in which the richest brushwork combines perfectly with a fragmentary treatment of form. Buffet, still very young, is perhaps the most original of all. Buffet plasters the wall in the butcher's shop (in his painting measuring 15 feet by 7) as if it *were* a wall, knifing bucketloads of dull mustard paste. Then he fills in the window with dull off-white. Then he puts a black iron bar across the top from end to end; and finally he climbs up his ladder and attaches three white carcasses by hooks. The complete simplicity of drawing (some stringy outlines are traced round the carcasses) and the magnificent handling of great *empty* areas of pigment produce a result that is unique.

Finally a word about the British "contingent" at the *Salon de Mai*. Sent by the British Council, it contained paintings by Adler, Colquhoun, Craxton, Merlyn Evans, Heron, Le Brocquy, MacBryde, Minton, Sutherland and Vaughan. A complaint which all the foreign artists at the *Salon* might make is that they were given the only room which had no baffle in the glass ceiling to

check the glare and that the average space between picture and picture was nine inches, as compared with two feet between all the French exhibits.

PATRICK HERON

TWO VISITORS

Two recent sets of visitors to London must not go by unrecorded. The first, the Oxford University Players in Nahum Tate's version of *King Lear*, the happy ending version which Garrick used and Dr. Johnson saw, and which held the stage for some hundred and fifty years. It is really rather startling, so sharply does it bring us up against the tastelessness of the Age of Taste. (But then to have a style of one's own demands an absolute belief in oneself, a confidence that you can improve on any earlier generation.) The major "improvements" in Tate's version are the rescue and restoration of the King and the invention of a "romance" for Cordelia. How early in the eighteenth century began that sickliness which some years ago was always labelled "*Victorian* sentiment"! When at the beginning Cordelia loses the King's favour there is a touching scene of parting between her and Edgar—pure Sentimental Comedy—in which she tells us in many explanatory asides that she will pretend to give him up and so test his love. They meet again on the wild heath where, accompanied by a "female companion," she is fleeing from two ruffians employed by her sisters. Edgar, disguised as Poor Tom, comes to her rescue and, overcoming his own reluctance, reveals himself to her and they confess their love. In the end when the King is restored, he once more abandons his throne and hands it to the happy united couple. Meanwhile the Goneril-Edmund-Regan episodes have been much more fully developed in the contemporary style of the "theatre of intrigue"; and, throughout, scenes tend to be stylishly polished off with a bow, a curtsey and a moral sentiment.

The mad scenes on the heath keep nearest to Shakespeare; though there is no Fool, Poor Tom remains almost intact. But one is constantly being puzzled and teased both by what is left out and by what is left in (e.g., we are given "We must endure our going hence even as our coming hither" but are deprived, for some reason, of "Ripeness is All"). Altogether an age like ours which, if it can invent no style of its own, has learnt at last to respect other people's, is quite unable to take this barbarous version seriously, much less judge it. All the last scenes appear to us to be an elaborate joke in the worst of taste.

The Oxford Players have the good sense to play the piece through perfectly seriously—wiser in their generation than some of their elders would be, I fancy. They are very wise, too, to use their talents and enthusiasm on this kind of endeavour (it was they last year who gave us the First Quarto *Hamlet*). Not so many people in London are prepared to pay to see young amateurs in Shakespeare proper: but this fascinating oddity will have drawn many of the curious. Mr. Peter Parker carried off the Lear most touchingly in the mad scenes. Mr. Charles Lepper gave us a courtly Edgar and a highly talented Poor Tom: while Mr. Patrick made a nice genteel study of a refined eighteenth-century bastard.

Our second set of visitors were the Bristol Old Vic, who wound up the Repertory Festival at the Embassy with a new play, *Wilderness of Monkeys*. In principle it is wise, too, for a provincial repertory to lure us with a new play. But, in this case, I personally would have wished for something that employed a larger company and gave them more acting to do than a conventionally patterned straight play, and a school play at that. The Housemaster at Wyvern College believes in Greek and has made his shambling, shy, shabby protégé a prefect on the strength of his brains. The results are, as anyone could have told him from one look at this boy, disastrous. But it turns out that the fault all lies with a pampered mother's darling who is bribing the little boys to bait the "swot". The plot is exposed in the teeth of a most improbable mother—it is Speech-Day at Wyvern—who also comes bearing bribes (£50,000 of her husband's money) to back playing fields, not scholarships.

Mr. Peter Watling, the author, has two great merits. He writes some very amusing lines and he has that power of carrying his audience along from point to point in his story even against their wills. Against their wills—for in a realistic piece we really cannot accept quite so many inconsistencies and gross improbabilities as we are asked to swallow here. When he finds better stories, he will surely write good plays. Among the company Nigel Stock makes a very complete sketch of the "swot," relentlessly unlikeable and raw. Mr. Paul Rodgers has the best lines as the schoolmaster and he makes the most of them. Miss Nina Davey does her best to make the flamboyant mother as credible as may be.

T. C. WORSLEY

THE MOVIES

"Knock on Any Door," at the Tivoli and New Gallery
"Rope of Sand," at the Plaza
"Meet the Ghosts," at the Gaumont

Hot weather adventures. Walked very slowly from the bus-stop in Trafalgar Square towards the Carlton (Haymarket), but didn't see why, in the circumstances, I should be made to yawn over the American *Lady Windermere's Fan*. We can do this particular thing boringly enough ourselves, but at least with some lacey respect for the original. *Lady Windermere's Fan*, every film critic has agreed, is a bore; very well, I agree, and climb the National Gallery steps instead. There a family party of Dutch visitors is making fun with the revolving door. Will you, won't you? I get into a compartment with a fat lady, the door jams, and we are ordered back. We enter separately: she to the Rubenses and all on the right, I to the little balcony on the left where four or five picked masterpieces engage without glutting. Renoir's umbrella scene: cool, blue, and delicious, and if there were a Sickest of trippers sucking Wall's ices by the Serpentine, I'd run to it.

Emerging, I think again of Wilde; poor Wilde, if he hadn't crashed he might have outglittered Shaw. But why film him at all? (Unless a brittle, mannered attempt on *The Importance of Being Earnest*.) His melodramas bear no relation to the screen, even when they have been re-shaped as *Early Recollections of a Park Lane Fire-Watcher*.

Slap into melodrama of the screen kind. In *Rope of Sand* jeeps hunt negroes over the desert, a sadist policeman snarls at tortured prisoners, adventuresses set out to trick victims and fall in love with them, everything is redolent of vague local colour ("Won't you take a glass of champagne, cold as the desert night?"), cosmopolitan crooks and drunks nod to the inevitable cabaret turn in the evening. The scene is Diamondstadt (West Africa, apparently); the lure, as you may guess, diamonds. All the old gang is around (hullo there!), Peter Lorre with his tired, seedy, badly-written anecdote, Neronic little Claude Rains smoking a long cigar over stick-'em-up clichés, Paul Henreid as the aesthetic sadist who has waited years with a Sèvres vase and an accent, for the tart to whom he can exclaim "You are Perfection!" Epigrams misfire, Life is sneered off and fluted back, revolvers change hands far too often; while the desert—and a handful of diamonds—lies open to all who wish for suffering on the grand scale. Mr. Henreid and Mr. Burt Lancaster (an honest thief) choose a day of exceptional sand-storms for their duel to the death. Having murdered one another with fists and spades, sand and a jeep, they both totter back, none the worse,

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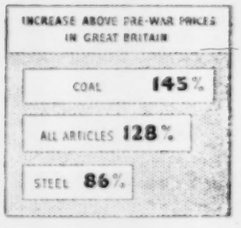

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and we must wait another half-hour before they will shoot it out to a decision with Mr. Rains as the smiling ring-master in his own drawing-room. The only trouble with *Rope of Sand* is that it is forty minutes too long and some twelve years too late.

The one film of the week that commands respect is also something of a disappointment. *Knock On Any Door* comes from the brilliant young director of *They Live by Night:* Humphrey Bogart, at his best, plays a leading part; there is the same vision of ruined youth and the cruelly exact detail; and yet *Knock On Any Door* just falls short of capturing the imagination. The scene is a murder trial, nearly the whole story comes in flashbacks, and the moral (society's guilt towards the criminal) is monotonously overstressed in Mr. Bogart's plea for the defence. Tethered by those elastics we stretch excitingly into back streets, pool rooms, saloons; and as that victim of his surroundings, "Pretty Boy Romano," Mr. John Derek gives an exceptionally vivid and taut performance. But though this film may stir and impress it fails to break loose from the conventions of its message and setting.

Abbott and Costello lured me to *Meet The Ghosts* on a very hot Monday morning indeed. The idea is that these comics meet with Dracula, Frankenstein's monster, and other screen gargoyles, played by the original actors. Fair cop; but most of the laughs come near the beginning, and then get lost in the hair-raising plot. However, Costello has reiterated his gentle claim on our affections: something between first Stooge and a third Laurel-and-Hardy, in these days by no means to be sniffed at.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

TELEVISION NOTES

ONE of the opportunities to which Television has long been indifferent is that of enlightening its public about the visual arts, but in the last month this negligence has been mitigated by a couple of brilliant programmes called "Ballet for Beginners." The notion was not to give pre-vocational guidance to young aspirants seeking a career in ballet, but rather to explain the anatomy of ballet to that growing audience which watches it nowadays on the stage or the television screen. These first lessons in the appreciation of a lovely and elaborate art, devised by Felicity Gray and produced by Philip Bate, were a convincing demonstration of what television might do to diminish the "visual illiteracy" of this country. The first session was devoted to anatomising footwork in ballet, the second to the function of the arms. The movements were first of all clearly and emphatically articulated by well-drilled models, and subsequently embodied in a charming anthology from the classics of ballet. The lessons were limited to what could be revealed without hurry or confusion within the space of an hour, and there was effective recapitulation from time to time of the major points under consideration. The only fault I could find—a bad one, too—in these absorbing and effective close-ups of a complicated art was the bare-faced recitation of his script by the commentator. If he had devoted an hour to learning his lines he would have completed that illusion of spontaneity which all his collaborators achieved. (In many other programmes from Alexandra Palace this slovenly unprofessional practice of peeking at the book of words unabatedly persists.)

If Television can so vividly teach us the principles of the ballet I hope it will be emboldened to similar endeavours in design, drawing, sculpture, architecture, typography and interior decoration. All these arts are capable of explanation on the screen, and all of them possess expositors who know how to enliven what they teach. In the R.I.B.A., the Double Crown Club and the Art Schools, there is an abundance of ardour and expertise waiting to be translated into television, and among the thousands who crowd into the exhibitions of the National Gallery, the Tate and the Arts Council there is a majority wanting to be shown what Picasso or Henry Moore are after. I repeat here the assertion that Television at present is doing far less than its educational duty, and frittering away too much of its resources on the trivialities of entertainment. Except for its plays and Outside Broadcasts it assumes a level of intelligence so much lower than that of any other department of British broadcasting as to make one feel that its main ambition is to keep up with the Americans.

One element of Television which needs more policy and supervision is its interviewing technique. Some of the compères and cross-examiners are admirably adroit, notably Richard Dimbleby and Leslie Mitchell. Others have evidently taken no trouble to familiarise themselves beforehand with the minds and mannerisms of their guests, and navigate their conversations on the basis of "by guess and by God." The result of their perfunctory endeavours is usually a series of witless questions and answers, punctuated by embarrassed giggles and abortive silences. Taking into account all the handicaps which afflict Alexandra Palace, the fact remains that too much of its output is marred by amateurishness and by indifference to the disciplines of production. An outfit which spends nearly a million pounds a year ought not to sink so often to the indulgent standards of a charade.

W. E. WILLIAMS

Correspondence

HARMLESS PHRASE?

SIR,—It is not only in Germany that the demand for "unconditional surrender" left a wreck of hopes and policies. The same formula led to the atomic destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In May and June, 1945, the Japanese Cabinet were sounding out the Allies (through Moscow, not then at war, and through Switzerland) on possible terms of surrender. The main concession they desired was the maintenance of the Emperor—a policy, on grounds of expediency, already provided for in existing Allied plans. But the reply from the Potsdam Conference was "unconditional surrender." The atomic bomb was substituted for terms; and, when 130,000 civilians had been destroyed, the Japanese, having "unconditionally surrendered," were given much better conditions than they would have expected six months before. Yet, to quote Churchill in *Hansard*, "I am by no means inclined to think that great harm flowed from this particular phrase."

C. C.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—Mr. Crossman has certainly dropped a brick. He seems so obsessed with the need for the survival of the middle class, a survival which apparently can only be secured by the abolition of all fees in preparatory and Public Schools, that he completely ignores the real problem of these schools. He may be right about the need for survival of the middle class, but I fear his suggestions will not help to secure their survival.

As Mr. Crossman knows, the proposals in Fleming B have not had a very wide acceptance, largely because of the difficulty of selecting non-fee-paying children for admission to the Public Schools. Ellen Wilkinson issued those three preposterous circulars 90, 120 and Administration Memorandum 225 which are now wisely soft-pedalled. The result is that although a list of vacancies in Public Schools has been compiled, roughly one-half of the vacancies remain unoccupied. Local authorities simply do not know how to select *normal* children for boarding education at public expense, and nobody can advise them. As Mr. Lyon, late Headmaster of Rugby, stated, it is an almost insuperable task. Mr. Crossman's solution of selecting middle class children is a startling one. This really is his suggestion, however he may hedge it round, for he is writing solely about the middle class, and this is his solution for their problem. If his suggestion does not help the middle class, there is little point in it.

I was still more alarmed at Mr. Crossman's statement about abolishing the dual system of education. Mr. Crossman refers of course to this in a class sense, not as is usual, in the religious sense. I am surprised that anyone other than a believer in the Totalitarian State should believe in abolishing any good education system so long as those desiring it are prepared to pay the whole cost themselves. If we allow parents to buy expensive houses, cars, food, books or holidays, on what possible grounds can we object to their spending their own money in providing an expensive education for their children. Is it only to one particular form of freedom in spending that we object? And there is of course a religious issue in this, for many of these public schools are religious foundations. I really cannot support such amazing intolerance.

If Mr. Crossman wishes to save the middle class, I have much sympathy with him, but he really must not look for the solution in this over-simplified way.

House of Commons. J. CORLETT

SIR,—Mr. Crossman makes no attempt to justify his educational proposals by reference to Socialist principles. How could he? For, he argues, in fact, not only for the perpetuation of that training of an *élite* at the secondary school level which Socialists consistently oppose, but for doing so more thoroughly.

Whatever he may say about the Labour Party (of which he is a member) that Party at its annual conferences has again and again expressed itself unequivocally on this matter: it has passed resolution after resolution in favour of the unselective comprehensive secondary school for all—the antithesis of the training of an *élite*.

I cordially invite Mr. Crossman to give to the declared educational policy of the Labour Party the same attention he has given to Mrs. Jay's reservation and help us in our endeavours to make that policy become the policy of the Labour Government. Incidentally, Coventry—in which Mr. Crossman's constituency is situated—has one of the few Local Education Authorities which has adopted Labour's policy in its Development Plan.

C. T. SMITH
Hon. Secretary,
National Association of Labour Teachers.

NATIONALISATION PROBLEMS

SIR,—As one who has responsibility for the administration of publicly owned enterprises in another Socialist area of the British Commonwealth I am much interested in the administration methods adopted in Britain's nationalised industries to-day. In particular I was interested in following the dilemmas of the dock labour situation.

In our own small way in Saskatchewan we have encountered similar problems. So far we have been partially successful, although we too have had our strikes and disputes. From our experience we believe that our basic problem revolves around the essential marriage that we have to consummate between political necessity and technical efficiency, and if we can solve that in all its phases we can solve such things as labour troubles at the same time.

We began by accepting that large scale Government intervention in business is a political act and an essential part of our Socialist intention to transform society. We therefore assume that there must be a close integration between those politically responsible and those who have technical and managerial responsibility. A simple and direct relationship has many inherent dangers of conflict; an attempt to separate them too far leads to situations like the dock labour dispute. We have therefore introduced a third factor, in the form of a non-executive Board of Directors with full responsibility for each of our Crown Corporations. The exact form of our organisation would probably not be suitable for undertakings as large as those in Britain, but the principle might be worthy of study.

In our Crown Corporations the Minister responsible is Chairman of the Board of Directors. As the Board confines itself to major policy interpretation this only means two or three meetings a month, except at times of crisis, and involves no more time than the Minister would have to give in any case if he wished to keep abreast of current events. The Board itself is composed of convinced adherents of the Government's policy drawn from the Trade Unions, the Co-operative Movement, Civil Service, the professions, business, the farming community and elsewhere. They do not

represent anyone; and Trade Unionists, for instance, do not sit on Boards with which their own Unions are concerned. The essential qualification for a Board member is that he is known to be thoroughly loyal to the Government's objectives and is consequently trusted by the Government, the Party, the Unions and all those who are on our side of the political struggle. This Board appoints the managers on grounds of technical competence and on nearly all occasions the managers sit with the Board, though the Board has the privilege of meeting without them, as for instance when management changes are contemplated. This is the main difference between our Boards and those of the British nationalised undertakings as I understand them. They are, in effect, Boards composed of executive staff. Our Boards are intermediaries and provide a point of meeting between political and managerial elements which has proved invaluable to both.

When we come to labour questions, the Boards have a very important role. As I have indicated they are almost entirely composed of known and proven Labour sympathisers. That serves as a guarantee of good faith to the Unions and as a check on any possibility of irresponsible action by unsympathetic technical management. They also serve to keep labour disputes out of the actual political arena unless they are of a major character. As an experimental system it has worked fairly well since its inception in 1946.

To round out this description, I should perhaps add that there is another element in all our Crown Corporations in that there is a Central Industrial Executive Office which co-ordinates and services all the Crown Corporations with highly qualified personnel, accounting, legal and other services. That office, of which I am in charge and which is closely associated with our Economic Advisory and Planning Board of which I am Chairman, is represented on all the Boards.

I do not suggest that the system we have evolved in Saskatchewan is applicable in Britain. But in the recognition of the interdependence of political and technical questions and the introduction of a non-executive Board to keep their relationships sweet and to provide Trade Unions and others with an additional point of control we may have discovered a useful piece of administrative technique.

Legislative Buildings, GEORGE W. CADBURY
Regina, Sask.

THE FRENCH POLICE

SIR,—I am still not sure that any of your correspondents get the point about the French police. I saw them in action last year, and the striking thing about them, apart from their brutality, was their inefficiency and the total lack of respect inspired by them. They were trying to stop some young Communists from holding a street meeting and taking up a collection for the families of the miners then on strike; it was a Sunday morning in the market of the Rue de Seine. The police cuffed the boys and girls, punched them across the ears, illegally confiscated the money they had collected, and ended by arresting four of them and manhandling them into the police van. The crowd, unanimously against the police though mostly, as I discovered, anti-Communist, gathered in front of the van to prevent it from driving off. One of the arrested men put his head through a broken window in the van and delivered a fervent speech.

The police now began, and continued for about an hour, to argue with the crowd, to justify their conduct, and even to argue about political principles with the Communists. At one point they proposed a bargain: they would release those arrested if the crowd would disperse. In the end they had to release them anyway. To an Englishman this was all very strange, and I may be forgiven for adding "very French." The English police do not argue; they say "Move along." The English police would have put their van into gear, driven off, and released their Communists in another part of the city. The gendarmes, besides being brutal, were partisan, voluble, and argumentative. Our police are very careful to be none of these things. The result, very clear on this occasion, is that nobody likes or respects the gendarmes. Psychologically, the fact that there is no minimum height for recruits to the French police has a lot to do with it. One gendarme, pathetically licking his finger which he had put out of joint by punching somebody, cut a most ridiculous figure in everyone's eyes.

It is very doubtful whether the advantage, on balance is on our side. The English police command such widespread respect that, when they do behave in a partisan way (Olympia 1934) or brutally (unemployed demonstrations 1938–9), you cannot get anyone to believe it except people who swallow the full Marxist doctrine of the State as the executive committee of the capitalist class. An English dictator, if he were not a complete fool, could use the police, who always obey orders, to crush his opponents, and it would be weeks before most of us knew what had happened. In France this could not happen.

The French would argue that, once you have complete respect for something or somebody, you cannot find out the truth about it or them. The price of liberty, they would say, is eternal disrespect. The French are not, though they think they are, a logical people, and their ways of defending democracy are devious. But one can make out a very good case for the view that France is in spirit a much more democratic country than England. MERVYN JONES

BLOOD SPORTS

SIR,—Clive Bell's strictures upon the irrationality and irrelevancy of the arguments employed by pro- and anti-blood sporters would have had deeper penetration had his own argument shown awareness of an aspect of the controversy that has an important relevance, and has, I submit, rational value.

It may be "well to remember" that, were it not for hunting and shooting, there would be many fewer foxes and game birds in Britain. But his happiness at the social security of the pheasant appears to have bemused him to such an extent that he has forgotten—or perhaps he never knew—about the price of insulating the pheasant.

The kite, the sea-eagle, the harriers, the peregrine, the hobby, the merlin, the golden eagle, the osprey—several of them gone for good; several more tottering on the edge of extinction. Gamekeepers' gibbets hung with barn owls and stoats. Areas of country (preserved) where a scampering dodo is as likely to be seen as kestrel or sparrow hawk. Natural history books give obituaries of the pine marten, polecat and wild-cat. Vast stretches of moorland upon which the public are as unpopular as merlins or harriers. In total, that is the price: the banishment of beautiful and interesting creatures and the sterilisation (as far as the non-"sporting" public are concerned) of great parcels of countryside.

It is true that were it not for the incessant and ruthless war waged upon our birds of prey, Britain would be poorer in song-birds. Nevertheless, the situation as it exists is too wildly off-balance. One is conscious of Mr. Bell's enthusiasm for a society that supports an Athenian aristocracy; but there are those who would welcome the deconsecration of the pheasant-partridge-grouse trinity and *rational* protection given to all birds and animals, each according to its need. With man's interference largely withdrawn, nature would not be slow in reasserting control. Fewer pheasants, yes; also, blessedly, fewer pheasant fetishists. KENNETH ALLSOP

Barwythe, Studham, Dunstable, Beds.

DOCTORS AND THE PRESS

SIR,—Our attention has been called to a statement made in the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of July 16 that *The Times* in its report of the B.M.A. Conference at Harrogate "ignored the motion calling for the withdrawal of machinery." This statement is completely inaccurate. The motion was duly referred to in our report which appeared in *The Times* of June 25.

I feel that when you are criticising other newspapers in this way you should at least, in the first place, make certain of your facts.

ALAN PITT ROBBINS,
News Editor, *The Times*.

[Autolycus writes: "My apologies are due for overlooking the (very brief) reference to which Mr. Robbins draws attention."—ED., *N. S. & N.*]

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

ITALO SVEVO'S *As a Man Grows Older** (in Italian, *Senilità*) has now been republished in Miss Beryl de Zoëte's remarkable translation from the peculiar Italian of Trieste. This novel first appeared 50 years ago and, after its complete failure with the critics and the public, Svevo turned to his business in Trieste, became a rich man, and was persuaded to write again 23 years later only by the interest of James Joyce. To that persuasion we owe Svevo's comic masterpiece *The Confessions of Zeno*, which has been compared to the work of Joyce, Proust, and has called up the ghosts of Freud and Otto Weininger. The prosperous business man, we are told, enjoyed his astonishing fame with the innocent wonder of the amateur: did it not, indeed, justify his passive philosophy that all positive intentions blunder and that our success, our happiness, our virtue itself, settle in us by chance, though not by indolence and indifference? As Renato Poggioli's acute introduction to *Zeno* pointed out, Svevo's novels are about people in their empty, off-time or leisure, the hours they have been longing for as they watched the crawl of the hands of the office clock; yet they strike us by a driven and unceasing busyness. Svevo's mind wears itself out like the grasshopper, sings endlessly like the needle of a machine.

Nearly half of Svevo's not very long life lies between *As a Man Grows Older* and *The Confessions of Zeno*, and all the difference between failure and success. Self-improvement is the obsession of his unlucky heroes, and, as Svevo's life went on, they do improve. Their anxious analysing of motives, their eagerness for illusion, their inevitable failures, and their anxiety to understand and to arrive at a sane attitude to life gives them the pathetic air of miming clowns: they talk so much that it creates, by a paradox, the pathos of dumbness. But they become as wise, gentle, restful in their indetermination as the Chinese and walk with the fullness of the superannuated. It has been their curious fate to learn the lesson of life backwards, becoming younger and more apt for life as they grow older; so that if they were to look back upon their youth, and even their middle age, these would seem to them like a puzzling sleep from which, little by little, they have been permitted to awake.

As A Man Grows Older can be considered as a half-awakening from Svevo's grim, earlier novel *Una Vita*. This is the story of a bank clerk's fatally insincere love affair which ends in suicide: the lovers have destroyed the meaning of their lives. An austere smile appears between the lines of the next book: the exactions of conscience are severe, but it is perhaps comical that they are self-inflicted. Brentani, a clerk in an insurance office, is too poor to marry and indeed has to support his plain and delicate sister. He is literary, dreamy, a victim of that disease of the sentiments which is called Bovaryisme, which Paul Bourget defined as "*le mal d'avoir connu l'image de la réalité avant la réalité*" and which, tinctured by puritanism and snobbery in English literature, produced certain heroines of Scott and Dickens. Brentani has never had a love affair, for he evidently satisfies himself in dreams and repents in analysis; and when he at last decides to fall in love, he makes the worst possible choice in a young, beautiful, hopelessly deceitful working-class girl. The cynicism of the affair owes something to the curious social customs of middle-class life in Trieste at the turn of the century—in general they resemble those of the Mediterranean, where the demi-monde has a precisely defined economic status—but Brentani absurdly encumbers his own path with hallucinations about the girl, unpredictable jealousies and the cruelties of his conscience. A love affair that would not have wrecked his extraverted friend Balli, is fatal to the introverted Brentani; and the effects of the affair are not merely to exalt him or drive him to despair, but to create the desire for love in his sister. A shaded and faltering creature, she conceives a sincere passion which is unrequited; she is taken ill and dies and Brentani is made to see that his impossible behaviour has been the cause. Or rather—for the egoism of Svevo's characters is unfailing and is the source of their comedy—Brentani chooses to think he is the cause; and marrying the delicate image of his sister, to the passionate one of his now discarded mistress (who has run off with a bank thief) he has now a new "image of reality" to dream about, console himself with, and no doubt to impose with results just as devastating, on the next adventure, if he ever has strength or wilfulness enough to undertake one.

When I first read *As a Man Grows Older*, some years ago, it seemed to me one more trite little tale about the "little mistress," a grey and listless exercise in Viennese subtlety. I had been carried away by the comic Italian dazzle of *Zeno*; and the only virtue I saw in this earlier book was Svevo's gift for writing innumerable short epitaphs on the nuances of human feeling. I now see how wrong I was. In the first place the story of *As a Man Grows Older* has the emotional fullness which is the reward of perfect form and internal balance. How discreetly the cold mists, the sudden rains, the rough seas of the Adriatic port, the glimpses of the city—its business quarter where beautiful women are stared at if they should happen to pass, its empty walks by the sea, its hard-faced flats lit by candles and oil in the poorer quarters, its café meetings—are made to break into Brentani's unstable, never to be self-trusted, yet self-aware mind. In its way, this book is as complete a case-history as *Adolphe*, has the same lucidity, and its analysis the same ruthless serenity, but touched by the clear-headedness of the mad. Here is the passage where Emilio Brentani, in his jealousy, makes his friend Balli, the natural man, promise not to attract his girl who is already betraying him:

> "I am sick with jealousy, nothing else but jealousy. I am jealous of the others too, but most of all of you. I have got accustomed to the umbrella maker, but I shall never get accustomed to you." There was not the faintest touch of humour in his voice; he was trying to arouse pity so that he might the more easily get Balli to promise what he wanted. If he had refused Emilio had made up his mind to rush round to Angiolina at once. He did not want his friend to profit by a state of affairs for which he himself had been largely responsible.

Balli promises, out of pity. But a dreamy look in his eye betrays the natural hunter, tempted by the very fact of having given his word. Balli says he has long wanted to make a sketch of the girl "because I thought you would like to have it." Emilio sees through this at once. With ludicrous anxiety he cries out: "You have promised me, you can't go back on it. Try to find your inspiration elsewhere." And when Balli calms him, the base consequences of an apparently disinterested idealism are slyly shown:

> Emilio began lamenting his sad fate with an irony of self-analysis which removed from it every trace of the ridiculous. He said that he wanted all his friends to know how he looked at life. In theory he considered it to be without serious content, and he had in fact never believed in any of the forms of happiness which had been offered him; he had never believed in them and he could truly say that he had never pursued happiness. But how much less easy it was to escape suffering! In a life deprived of all serious content even Angiolina became serious and important.

Half the beauty of Svevo's work lies in his cunning gift of throwing away his lines. Were it not for his pain, Balli reflects, Emilio's situation would be ridiculous; and it is in the subtle balance of the delicacies of pain with the load of comedy that the excitement of the book lies.

The scenes of action are brilliant, freshly observed and as real as anything in *Madame Bovary* and a good deal better-natured. It is unforgettable when Amalia, the sister, puts Balli's cup back in the cupboard when she discovers her dream of love will not be realised. There is the long, and really gripping account of her illness. Svevo's scenes of illnesses are among the most dramatic in any literature, for they observe the struggle of the mind with the body; is not life itself an illness, and sickness one of its more highly-coloured, poetic and even thrilling acts? The love scenes with Angiolina are all excellent, for the Svevo heroes discover women as if they were a new species. Those heroes are the kind of men at whose behaviour women smile. And when Angiolina pushes Brentani out of bed with the words "Get out, my beauty," she has said everything. Brentani for her is "a beauty and no mistake." Awed by a love quite beyond her and which would drive her out of her mind if she were to take it seriously, she quickly sets about deceiving him.

In his introduction, Edouard Roditi goes interestingly into Svevo's plural personality, places him among the Austrians rather than the Italians and discusses him as a bourgeois of the period and as a Jew. The heroes of his stories all do a little writing (as Svevo himself did) and "in a bourgeois society of culture-snobs illusions of intellectual grandeur thus compensate social or emotional maladjustment." This may be so but it is jargon and quite unenlightening. Don Quixote was a culture-snob for that matter but not a bourgeois. Renato Poggioli's introduction to *The Confessions of Zeno* is much more illuminating on the question of Svevo as a bourgeois. Here is an acute passage:

> Exactly because he does not judge the bourgeois spirit, Svevo amuses himself, tremendously and naively, by looking at it. A perfect bourgeois as a man, as a writer, he is almost alone in not looking like one. Instead of descending or condescending to the bourgeois spirit within his soul he raises it and uplifts it along with himself to the sphere of imagination, to a world of fancy and dreams, which is at the same time the world of reality itself. Once Stendhal asked for a literature written by bankers and industrialists able to understand, lucidly and cynically, the economy of life, the business of society, the value of man. Svevo was certainly a writer of this brand, and furthermore, endowed with such bourgeois honesty and commonsense as to refuse to transform his indulgent egoism into any set of theories, any "egotism." A kind of innocent wisdom was the real source of his greatness and originality.

Possibly Svevo's independence sprang from his Jewish background. When the 1914 war came he "treated the whole business as a sort of supreme Jewish joke in which all humanity is involved in the role of the unreasonable Gentile." Svevo found "normal" behaviour desirable but not reasonable. It was too easy. Like the blameless clown, he preferred the difficulty, the busyness of trying all the wrong roads first.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *As a Man Grows Older*. By ITALO SVEVO. *Putnam*. 10s. 6d.

MR. KOESTLER'S NEW SYSTEM

Insight and Outlook. By ARTHUR KOESTLER. *Macmillan.* 25*s.*

Mr. Koestler describes his book, in a sub-title, as "an inquiry into the common foundations of science, art and social ethics." Many people may doubt whether any such common foundations exist, but Mr. Koestler believes that he has discovered them, and he has gone to considerable labour to show us what he thinks they are.

He begins with a theory of the comic. In his view, we are stimulated to laugh when a train of thought, which is following a familiar associative track, is brought into contact with another train of thought which is not habitually associated with the first. The emotions which were attending the first train of thought are unable to make the jump, and so discharge themselves in laughter. These trains of thought need not be explicit; it is characteristic of many of the best jokes that the second train of thought is not fully elaborated, and the point of connection only hinted at. The emotions which are discharged in laughter may be of various kinds, but it is essential that they should be aggressive in character, or, as Mr. Koestler prefers to put it, self-assertive; and this aggressive element must be present from the start.

Now it is surely not the case that whenever anybody laughs at something he has been previously conscious of some self-assertive feeling; nor do I suppose that Mr. Koestler would wish to claim that it was. He would say, presumably, that these feelings were present unconsciously; but this is not very helpful if the only evidence for their unconscious existence is the fact that the person subsequently laughs. Unless there is evidence for their existence independently of the laughter they do not constitute an explanation of it. To this, if I understand him rightly, Mr. Koestler would reply that there was independent evidence, of a physiological character; but although he writes at some length about the physiological concomitants of such self-assertive emotions as rage and fear, he does not offer any proof that the same mechanisms operate in all cases where a person is disposed to laugh. I do not wish to maintain, however, that such a proof could not be given; and of course, if it were it would very much strengthen Mr. Koestler's case.

The separate trains of thought whose junction provides the stimulus to laughter are said by Mr. Koestler to belong to different "operative fields," and an idea which is associated with two operative fields is said to be "bisociated" with them. This concept of an operative field is fundamental to Mr. Koestler's system, and it is therefore unfortunate that it is never made at all precise. To begin with, we are told that operative fields are "self-consistent and homogeneous systems" of "mental processes acquired by habit," each system being subject to "a selective rule or structural law" which is to be known as "the selective operator of the field"; but in the course of the book the concept becomes so far extended that there is almost nothing that it is not made to cover. Thus form and function, part and whole, percepts and concepts, facts and laws, the trivial and the tragic, illusion and reality are all treated as subjects for bisociation, and so as pairs of operative fields. There is some suggestion even that they form a hierarchy with the field of the oceanic feeling, overlapping with Jung's archetypal experiences, at the top. Now these are important distinctions in their various ways, and Mr. Koestler has many interesting things to say about them, but I cannot see that much is to be gained by lumping them all together under one heading; and it can hardly be maintained that the terms enumerated constitute, or even correspond to, opposing systems of habitually associated ideas. If there is an habitual association, it obtains not within these so-called operative fields, but between them. Whether this is an objection to their being said to be "bisociated" is not clear, for the term "bisociation" is used so widely that the consideration of anything under different aspects, or from different points of view, can apparently be counted as a bisociative process. Thus, to say of something that it is yet another case of bisociation is to say very little. We still require to analyse the particular relationships involved in each instance. To do him justice, Mr. Koestler frequently undertakes such analyses and, in the case of aesthetic problems at least, with considerable skill.

To the self-assertive emotions, which discharge themselves in laughter, Mr. Koestler opposes the self-transcending emotions which, when they are "redundant or frustrated" may be discharged in tears. These self-transcending emotions are held to be present in an enormously wide range of situations. What is common to them all, is the absence of any sharply felt distinction between self and not-self. Thus, one asserts oneself against other people, but sympathises with them. Self-transcendence is not, however, confined to human relationships. It also takes place, for example, in all cases where a person is aware of himself as "part of a higher functional whole," in aesthetic contemplation, and, what will surprise philosophers, even in visual and acoustic perception, which is described as "a genuine perceptual symbiosis of the ego and its environment," on the ground that processes in the retina and within the ear are projected into space. An important difference which is supposed to obtain between the self-assertive and the self-transcending emotions is that the self-transcending emotions are able to follow thought in its movement from one operative field to another. Mr. Koestler makes considerable use of this property of the self-transcending emotions in his analysis of tragedy, and indeed of art in general, his conclusion being that "the aesthetic experience consists in the satisfaction of self-transcending impulses in internal behaviour."

Mr. Koestler finds a parallel between his two types of emotion and the separatist and integrative tendencies of the parts of certain organisms; and he draws what seems to me an even more dubious analogy between the functioning of animal organisms and that of political societies. His political recipe is greater integration, by which he seems to mean the self-surrender of the individual to the society conceived as an organic whole. This might perhaps pass as a description of what is likely to happen, but it is odd to find it submitted by Mr. Koestler as an ethical ideal. Of course he does not approve of totalitarianism as we now understand it. He says of the totalitarian states that they are faulty integrations. But if degree of integration is to be the only criterion, their faultiness must consist in their being excessively anarchic; whereas it appears to many of us that the fault is rather that they are not anarchic enough. So far as I can see, the reason why Mr. Koestler plumps for integration is that he identifies it with the self-transcending instincts and emotions; and his fundamental ethical principle is that these are to be fostered at the expense of the self-assertive. This seems unexceptionable if it is construed as an appeal for the brotherhood of man; and no doubt this is what Mr. Koestler chiefly has in mind. I am sorry only that he found it necessary to link it with an organismic theory of society.

Turning to scientific discovery, Mr. Koestler brings it into the fold by describing it as a bisociative process with neutral emotional charge. The scientist's "exploratory drive" is emotionally neutral in the sense that it is a blend of the self-assertive and the self-transcending. "It can always be analysed into a component of competition or ambition, derived from the self-assertive tendency, and a second component of self-transcending absorption in the 'wonders' or 'mysteries' of nature." Having scientists for colleagues, I confess that I am sceptical about this second component. It would be more convincing and would suit Mr. Koestler's argument just as well, if he had merely ascribed to scientists a disinterested love of truth. The moment of

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thought which culminates in the decisive "bisociation" is described as the Eureka process, in memory of Archimedes. The defect of this example is that it is untypically dramatic; but it serves to bring out the point that scientific discoveries may establish connections between phenomena which had not so far been recognised. To say this, however, is not to say very much. An important fact, surely, is that scientific discoveries are usually made in the light of previous theories; and the expansion or modification of a theory may take very divergent forms. I doubt if it can always be represented as the junction of two operative fields; but this is a question that it is hardly profitable to argue until the notion of an operative field is made more precise.

Considering the book as a whole, I find that Mr. Koestler overworks his basic concepts. They come to mean too little because they are made to do too much. He is at his best when he turns aside from the larger generalities to argue particular questions of psychology or aesthetics. It should, however, be remarked that he has attempted no more in this book than to present a general outline of his system. A second volume is promised which will go into greater technical detail; and it is largely on the contents of this second volume that the scientific value of the system will have to be assessed.

A. J. AYER

PORTRAIT OF MRS. GASKELL

Mrs. Gaskell. By YVONNE FFRENCH. *Home & Van Thal.* 6s.

No really good account of Mrs. Gaskell has been written. This is largely, I feel, her fault. Herself the author of one of the most vivid but indiscreet of biographies, she left instructions that she did not want her own life recorded. We should probably never have known, in any case, what her pleasant, devoted daughters said of her among themselves, nor what were the thoughts of that silent husband, the Rev. William Gaskell. But there were many others who knew well the sociable and kindly novelist, and of their anecdotes and opinions too little has been preserved. There is a more important question, however; why is Mrs. Gaskell not a critic's writer? Of recent essays I recall only a sadly inaccurate one by Lord David Cecil, and another, excellent but brief, by Miss Rosamond Lehmann. She does not appear at all, I think, in Virginia Woolf's studies of women writers. The reason is surely a fundamental one: no writer of her standing has taken so casual—indeed, so disrespectful an attitude to her own work. "Her books," a friend complacently reported, "were only written when all possible domestic and social claims had been satisfied." Something of this comes through, and dulls at the outset the critic's interest in the pursuit. Motherly and wifely, Mrs. Gaskell lacks for us, with all her charm, a quality that I can only describe as mystery. It has nothing to do with a romantic setting; Miss Austen had it in her drawing-room as well as the wild Brontës in their kitchen.

But read the novels and the Brontë *Life* again, and the picture is no longer in focus. Mrs. Gaskell's warm, diffused femininity may have affected her gifts; it does not account for them. Its effect on her critics, however, is clearly demonstrated in this new short study by Miss Yvonne ffrench, who sets about her task in a manner dry, dutiful, even irritable, continues with growing warmth, and ends almost with enthusiasm.

Remembering how late was Mrs. Gaskell's start—she was nearly forty when her first novel was published—we may well wonder at the versatility as well as at the richness of her imagination. The pattern of her novels never became set; when she died her power was at its height. Did she, we may ask, rise to the level of her controversial themes? Spiritually she was a mediator, and tolerance—compromise, if you like—is a weapon blunt at both edges. But, as it happens, her work is not without the valuable sting of anger. A more careful stylist, a more analytic thinker would have had time to write less boldly. Mrs Gaskell did not quail until her work was in print. Then, says Miss ffrench, "she was shocked at her own disclosures." It is not surprising that the publication of *Mary Barton* ("with that and Mill," a critic declared, "one would have a library") made her a celebrity. She met Carlyle, Thackeray, Guizot, Ruskin, Froude; Dickens begged her to contribute to the opening number of *Household Words*. But in her new books she did not try to repeat that crowded, painful picture of Manchester in the disastrous 'thirties. The problems confronting the unmarried mother or the industrial employer; the justification of a lie by its motives (with her a recurring question); divided loyalties; the clash—it was in herself—between the feudal romantic and the progressive humanitarian; the gentle comedy of life in a country town—these are among the subjects of her novels. The shorter stories, about which Miss ffrench says all too little, show an added range of speculation.

Miss ffrench is not an admirer of Mrs. Gaskell's serious writings. Her highest praise goes to *Cranford* (that "involuntary masterpiece"), to *My Lady Ludlow*, and to "the radiant and superbly executed novel of English manners," *Wives and Daughters*. She complains of the "artificial dialogue, the mawkishness of sentiment, . . . the innumerable death-beds" of the early books (though surely these things were not infrequent in early Victorian society), and certainly she underrates the powerful *Mary Barton*, considering it inferior to that unsatisfactory story *Ruth*. But though her book throws little if any new light on Mrs. Gaskell, it is useful to have the scattered facts assembled, hardly at all distorted by hostility or idolatry. Miss ffrench's chief fault as a critic is not emotion but perfunctoriness. She describes Mr. Holbrook as "boorish." She omits to mention—it would make the nine dead children of Lady Ludlow less fantastic—that six of Mrs. Gaskell's seven brothers and sisters died in infancy. (Any reader of this book might be puzzled to know why she was not, as a child, living with them.) She speaks of "another very small category" of writing in which Mrs. Gaskell "displayed real originality," without informing us which it was. As for "bankruptcy of plot," it is, as I have earlier indicated, an absurd accusation—more applicable to some better novelists than Mrs. Gaskell; Jane Austen is one of them. On the other hand, Miss ffrench's dogmatic attack does strike out some sparks of critical shrewdness. It may well be, as she suggests, that Maggie Browne (of *The Moorland Cottage*) inspired Maggie Tulliver; that the study of the Brontës led to the wildness of *Sylvia's Lovers*, and that to *Cranford* the English cult of the olde-worlde, still distressingly flourishing, is due. A nice piece of destructive analysis to illustrate Mrs. Gaskell's indifference to chronology shows Miss ffrench at her best; in what year (she asks) was Grisi singing in London? When would a tartan silk of no known clan be worn if not in the Balmoral era? She makes, too, a pretty point about Mrs. Gaskell's "dowdy" and repetitive use of names—a sign of that indifference that so vexes her critics. Yes, it is true; did she not allow her first few stories to be published under the horrible pseudonym of "Cotton Mather Mills Esq."? And though perverse memory recalls not only the exotic Hyacinth Clare, but that the first of Lady Ludlow's children to die was called Urian and the last Ughtred-Mortimar, the balance is still with the reiterated Mollys and Marys, Dawsons, Browns and Gibsons. Justly asserting that Mrs. Gaskell's prose style "at all times lacks terseness and elegance," Miss ffrench demonstrates with unusual and delightful quotations her power of conveying atmosphere. She points out that Mrs. Gaskell "handles crowds" (an uncommon gift) "with the skill of a film director, and with much artistry." She finds, underlying all Mrs. Gaskell's writing, not intellect but "an essential Christianity."

Withal, the real Mrs. Gaskell is for her the light writer, the gossip, the recorder of manners; not the arbiter of social and political morals. It is a fair portrait, briskly and impersonally done, but the author who rose out of the inspired and fluent journalist still eludes us. Such a picture, though, the full length study for which we are still waiting, Mrs. Gaskell herself might not have recognised. NAOMI LEWIS

SEASIDE NATURALIST

The Sea Shore. By C. M. YONGE. *Collins.* 21s.

The nineteenth century, or say the fifty years from the Thirties to the Eighties, was the golden age of the amateur naturalist. No gentleman's study, no lady's drawing-room almost, was complete without its Wardian Case for ferns, its cabinet of fossils, or its Aquarium. And many of these aquariums were, to begin with anyhow, salt-water ones, for, of all natural history fields, the Sea Shore was the most popular. The rising industrial middle class had discovered the health-giving properties of sea air, and they flocked during the summer months to the more salubrious stretches of the indented and widely tidal English coast-line. There, after bathing, they would stave off boredom by collecting and preserving the local seaweeds—naming them from Mr. Dillwyn's great book on the British Confervae. Then, in the early Fifties, came to their aid that man of enterprise and enthusiasm, Philip Henry Gosse. Gosse directed the attention of seaside visitors to the fauna as well as to the flora of cliff-crevice and rock-pool—personally conducting parties of paddlers, and writing book after delightful book.

Gosse had many followers both in the field and at the desk: "I will take my fishing basket" wrote one of them, "and a few wide-mouthed bottles, and my vasculum for plants; and May and Jack must each have a strong muslin net for catching fish and small crustacea." It was exciting because even May or Jack might add a new species to the British list.

In the last quarter of the century the interest began to wane—perhaps it was the growth of golf-courses on the sand-hills and the new sport of lawn-tennis; perhaps it was that seaside natural history had become more esoteric, more seized upon by specialists, and was changing into Marine Biology or even into Littoral Ecology. And now, once more, there is among ourselves an upsurge of interest in every aspect of the countryside and country life. As a guide along one line of this rustic rediscovery Professor C. M. Yonge has written a book strictly comparable with those of Gosse published a century ago. And, one may note, so competent an observer was Gosse, whom the great Huxley called contemptuously "a hod-man of science," that Professor Yonge can still quote long extracts from his works without emendation or comment. None the less, knowledge has increased—as also has speculation which is sometimes confused with knowledge—and the educated outlook has altered. The older naturalists "looked through Nature up to nature's God," the post-Darwinians supposed themselves to be in disinterested pursuit of Truth, purging science of superstition. To us, disillusioned—but indeed with superstitions of our own—it is difficult to permit ourselves such a luxury. Wherefore Professor Yonge must end his book with a chapter on "the Economics of the Shore."

This, however, is little more than a gesture. The bulk of his eighteen other chapters is a most readable and almost certainly reliable account of plant and animal life between the tide-limits—of such, for instance, as the fish, *Spinachia vulgaris*, of whom he tells us that,

> during the summer the male, changing in colour from green to blue, proceeds to the construction of a nest by binding together seaweed with threads formed from its kidneys and then excavating a cavity in this. He next selects a mate, who throughout retains the usual green colour, and she lays a number of relatively large eggs in the nest, which the male guards for some weeks until they hatch.

In such a prose, economical and severely practical, he retails such marvels. But he lightens his learning by numerous poetical quotations—and for a scientific specialist he is uncommonly well-read in the byways of poetry—wherein again he reverts to the old tradition with perhaps a shade of nostalgia.

There is, however, one point of very obvious contrast between this book and its early Victorian forerunners. In the coloured engravings and lithographs that illustrated those works, the artist—Sowerby, Gosse, Lydon, or some other—so portrayed his rock-pool that the reader could see exactly what it contained. The creatures were possibly more resplendent than the specimens he was himself likely to collect in his "few wide-mouthed bottles," and were disposed in a more romantic perspective. Yet, besides adorning the page as they assuredly did, these pictures were a true aid to identification. Now, on the other hand, in Professor Yonge's book and in all the "New Naturalist" series to which it belongs, we have forty illustrations in technicolour photography. The effect is certainly more natural, but is it always and altogether an improvement? Nothing, for example, could look more like a "stone from the lowest tidal level" than does Plate 40 where, among many another animal and plant, one is invited to observe "Hymenicidon sanguinea (orange)"—which one might be able to do if, in all Plate 40 there were hint, tint, or tinge of orange colour. Again, even a child with a real passion for picture puzzles will be hard put to it to find all that is scheduled as appearing in Plate 26. The photograph of the Octopus, Plate 17, is however both realistic and superbly decorative. Nor must we seem ungrateful. And indeed, apart from this slight reserve concerning some of its pictures, Professor Yonge's *Sea Shore* can be whole-heartedly recommended to the man-in-the-street, sad symbol of our over-urbanised society, as precisely the book he is or ought to have been wanting for his and his family's next visit to the Sea. GEOFFREY TAYLOR

GALLOP FOR A DEPRESSED CLASS

Love in a Cold Climate. By NANCY MITFORD. *Hamish Hamilton.* 8s. 6d.

All the novel-of-the-month critics and committees seem to have picked *Love in a Cold Climate*, and for once they must have enjoyed reading the book of their choice. It is very English and very funny indeed, after Wilde and Waugh rather than Wodehouse. Miss Mitford loves her aristocrats as they do, wickedly, acutely, blissfully (a word of hers). Where else, she seems to say, will you meet such charm, such childhoods, such savagery and eccentricity, such a delectable pouring of old wine into new bottles? Since half our lives are spent in gossip, whose confidential words fly quicker and higher than theirs? The children buzz in the cupboard, virgins cram their heads at dinner and sweat it out next day in the hunting field, young wives let drop indispensable hints, their elders roar and mutter and turn it all over, arrange comings-out, acquiesce in goings on and off (authority, alack, on the wane), keep their day for shopping or the House of Lords, rally the town, bamboozle the county, get stuck with slumps and foreigners, and at hinging moments slide off in the big

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Daimler that a little Morris may pop round the corner. They are very good and very bad at it: it being a mixture of happiness and sex, with marriage as singularly implanted in the young female mind as at Mansfield Park. The heroine after being trained to the fashion, marries for love in the muggy climate of Oxford. Her husband is a don; we hardly meet him. From time to time she produces a baby, being the perfect sticker as her mother had been (and still is) the notorious Bolter. But her side-water is only a vantage point for more eager glimpses of the thronged, the flashing stream. The buzz in the cupboard hasn't abated, it has attained its highest pitch; boltings, not stickings, are the theme.

When news of the engagement reaches Lady Montdore (cannibal queen of her world), its impact occasions a hearty dull thud:

> "Engaged?" she said. "Well, I suppose that's very nice. Alfred did you say? Who is he? What is that name?"
>
> "He's a don, at Oxford."
>
> "Oh, dear, how very extraordinary. You don't want to go and live at Oxford, surely? I should think he had better go into politics—buy a place—I suppose he hasn't got one, by the way? No, or he wouldn't be a don, not an English don at least, in Spain of course, it's quite different—dons are somebody there, I believe. Let's think—yes, why shouldn't your father give you a place as a wedding present? You're the only child he's ever likely to have. I'll write to him at once—where is he now?"
>
> I said vaguely that I believed in Jamaica, but did not know his address.
>
> "Really, what a family! I'll find out from the Colonial Office and write by bag, that will be safest. Then this Mr. Thing can settle down and write books. It always gives a man a status if he writes a book. Fanny, I advise you to start him off on that immediately."

Lady Montdore never lets one down. She it is who has exorbitantly acquired "all this"—the tree of the Hamptons, the furnishings and the feasts, the "place," the Park Lane house, the presence, the trail of ex-kings and rajahs, the right to talk all over London of Sodomites when she means Dolomites. She rings up the Prime Minister at inconvenient hours. She gives birth (as no one else could) after twenty years of married life to an only daughter, of whose existence she is unaware until two months before the event. She won't let her husband give in to naps, and makes him walk each day to the House of Lords. She had vicereined it over India and now at Montdore House gives the ball of many seasons: film-Venetian and kept going till seven—"it cost £4,000, you know, the water for the gondolas was so heavy, for one thing." She is transformed to a second flowering of blue hair, love, slim legs and lifted looks under the guidance of her "fairy godson," as he is meticulously described in the blurb. And all this had grown from mere Miss Perrotte, daughter of a country squire.

The second half of the story (Lady Montdore's rejuvenation and the adventures of Cedric) achieves the fantasy implicit in so many earlier twinkling words and actions. The "stchoopid" Lecturer, who has had a way all his own of playing hide-and-seek with little girls: the epithet gathers its own enchanting stress, and outrageous adventures must surely succeed to the person who bears it (they duly do, with an opening of fresh woods on the very last page). Where *Love in a Cold Climate* improves on its predecessor *The Pursuit of Love*—and to my mind wonderfully improves — is in its faithfulness (if that's not too drab a word) to the comic idyll. For it is, this gallop in the lost Thirties, an idyll with more than a touch of wistfulness despite its malice. What will have happened to these gay, growling families, busybodies and idlebodies, and their dependents; Uncle Matt and the chub-fuddler, the Bolter (on some riviera, no doubt), Aunts Sadie and Emily, Captain Warbeck with his pills, his *Old Chronicles of Hampton*, and fits of therapeutic drunkenness? Are they quite gone, or merely quiet and distressed, keeping their uncut rides and their tempers in the hope of better times? We don't very seriously hanker after them; it is in the nature of an idyll—and particularly one with firework displays going on—to satisfy by itself. The characters aren't, by the nature of the thing, "solid"; an over-feminine finish has given everyone, man or woman, much the same kind of existence and even diction; but they bounce, ever higher and higher, which implies remarkable solidity of a kind. Miss Mitford doesn't attempt here the dangerous feat of bringing her people to war and the near present; they end a foot or so more off the ground than when they started. Even poor Fanny, living out the squalor of Oxford, has her head in the clouds or the family cupboard.

G. W. STONIER

IT'S MY OWN INVENTION

Patent Applied For. By FRED COPPERSMITH and J. J. LYNX. *Co-ordination Press.* 10s. 6d.

It is impossible not to feel a grudge against the authors of this book. They have done their best to ruin a delightful joke. Preposterous inventions are nearly always funny, if they are left to speak for themselves. Sometimes in *Patent Applied For* their voices can be heard. More often we hear Mr. Coppersmith and Mr. Lynx, whose humour is like the frolic of elephants. If this book had consisted only of well-captioned illustrations, it would have been more entertaining.

During the second half of the nineteenth-century an increasing crowd of inventors, amateur and professional, clever and imbecile, clambered on to the monster railway train that symbolises Victorian progress. To many of us it is the imbeciles who seem the least dangerous, the most charming of this bunch. For instead of applying their minds to the invention of some new means of destruction, they devoted years of ingenuity to some elaborate and quite ridiculous gadget: a miniature train, which puffed round the dining room table, serving fish: or an intricate engine decked out as the Taj Mahal, which would not only cut a cigar, but also pierce and light it. Even their few firearms had a frivolous side. A revolver was contained within a cigarette-lighter, and their giant howitzers inevitably blew up or dropped their shells two feet in front of them—fiascos that might have been stage-managed by Chaplin. Perhaps having wasted so much time and energy themselves, these men were determined that nobody else should do so. With a surrealist sense of association, they invented machines which had two or even three entirely different functions: such as the buttermaking-baby-rocker, the cigar-holder-hammer-walking-stick, or the tropical-sun-hat-reservoir. This last device caught rain in a moat round the crown; there the water could remain until its release through a small tap under the brim into a drinking cup. (Some of these hats are still worn on state occasions by natives, who captured them from up-to-date colonisers.) A number of serious Germans invented in a national vein. One brought the joys of the Zugspitze into your bedroom: you climbed a mountainous device built on the lines of a rowing machine, while a sort of gas-mask reproduced the gradually rarefying atmosphere. Herr Waelzer, the inventor of the metronome, built a musical engine of 150 flutes, 150 flageolets, 50 oboes, 18 trumpets, 5 fanfares, 2 timbals, one triangle and 3 big drums, for which Beethoven wrote the Battle of Vittoria symphony. (The Archduke Charles of Austria later bought this, to annoy his friends.) The Hexameter machine—an English invention, which fabricated poetry—promised much, but turned out to be a hoax. Some very odd boats were devised; most of them came to disaster. Exceptions were the Popoffkas—circular men-of-war like the leaves of Victoria Regina lilies, the Swan of Exmouth. This was a sixteen-foot high replica of a swan with sails disguised as wings, and rudders as webbed feet. Within was a luxurious boardroom with seats upholstered in red plush, while in the breast Mr. Peacock, the captain

installed a special ladies' boudoir, where smoking was forbidden and men were banned.

Like so much of Victorian caprice, these vagaries evoke the world of Dada. Any of the illustrations—and how one wishes there were more of them—might have been entitled, *Une petite machine construite par minimax dadamax en personne or La petite fistule lachrymale qui dit tic-tac*, so closely do they resemble constructions by Max Ernst or Picabia, who well knew of the engine's appeal. There has been a recent tendency to conceal the workings of a machine under crinolines of plastic and sheet metal: Puffing Billy has disappeared under streamlined armour. Are pumping pistons, Heath Robinson cogwheels thought to be indecent? If so, a look back at these antiquated projects will reassure one of their charm.

JOHN RICHARDSON

A L'OMBRE DES JEUNES FILLES EN FLEUR

Olivia. By OLIVIA. *Hogarth.* 7s. 6d.

In a novel of just over a hundred pages the author of *Olivia* has described the ecstasy and the despair of first love. She begins by using the background of her family life as a springboard for the narrative:

> We were a Victorian household, and, in spite of an almost militant agnosticism, attached without the smallest tinge of scepticism or hypocrisy to the ideals of the time: duty, work, abnegation, a stern repression of what was called self-indulgence, a horror and terror of lapsing from the current code.

Olivia then describes a year spent in a finishing school near Paris, where, at the age of sixteen, she "discovers" to the reader the personages in the drama, who have divided the school into two camps; one is led by Mlle. Julie, in whom intellect, gaiety, egoism, charm and self-will are brilliantly combined, and the other by Mlle. Cara whose morbidity, self-absorption and hopeless longing to excel make her an object of pity and sometimes of repulsion. By the time Olivia is swept into Mlle. Julie's camp the battle is already lost—by Mlle. Cara, as we think. Then, as the action reaches its climax through intrigue, unscrupulous exploitation, violent jealousy and sudden death, Mlle. Julie also suffers defeat and is deprived both of her livelihood and her circle of adorers by the terms of Mlle. Cara's will; she disappears, bidding no farewell to the narrator, on whose devotion she has fed during the whole of their intercourse.

Such an outline gives a rather crude impression of a remarkable book; for the author has resisted all the temptations that accompany the medium she has chosen. Her memories of her own emotions are neither poured forth nor self-consciously "thrown away," but used to heighten the colouring of certain scenes. Restraint, sense of form and, above all, respect for the traditions of great literature are behind the whole range of the story, creating an effect of disciplined facility and highly developed technique. As in the tragedies of Racine, the juxtaposition of the principal characters follows a set design. They stand out in high relief against the style of the book, which is informal: the writer seems to be talking to herself; but every now and then she lets fall one or two carefully selected fragments of self-revelation, and these set off the passages of dramatic power. As thus:

> For the first time in my life I was given a delightful little bedroom entirely to myself, and I remember that it was in that room that I first looked at myself in the glass—a proceeding for which the strictest privacy is necessary, and for which, to tell the truth, I had never felt much inclination. . . . .
>
> She put her hands on Cécilé's bare arms and as she twisted her round, bent and kissed her shoulder. A long deliberate kiss on the naked creamy shoulder. An unknown pang of astonishing violence stabbed me. I hated Cécile. I hated Mlle. Julie. As she raised her eyes from the kiss, she saw me watching her. Had she noticed me before? I don't know. Now, I thought, she was mocking me. . . . .
>
> "As she raised her eyes from the kiss. . . . ."

This apparently artless phrase gives an impression of provocative greed, which most writers would have achieved by lengthy description or over-intimate analysis.

All that a reviewer says about a novel of this kind amounts to "It's very good—read it"; but there is another aspect of *Olivia* which has not yet been dealt with, and that is the reception often given to a piece of fictionalised autobiography. A lady who had stayed awake till three a.m. to finish it was surprised at herself for doing so. "It's what we've all been through," she said, "Any of us could write a book on that sort of subject." This person was not quite so silly as she appeared. She did not think the subject valuable and that, rather than the fact that she was not and could never be a professional writer, was the difference between her and the author of *Olivia*, who precedes her story with this sentence: "Love has always been the chief business of my life, the only thing I have thought—no, felt—supremely worth while. . . ." It is this conviction, not only strongly felt but deeply pondered and skilfully manipulated, that gives her book force and life.

HESTER W. CHAPMAN

FAIR SCIENCE

Science, Servant of Man. By I. BERNARD COHEN. *Sigma Books.* 15s.

Somewhat portentously, Mr. Cohen's book is sub-titled *A Layman's Primer for the Age of Science*. The age of science: what have the last three centuries been if not an age of science? Yet never was there greater need for good primers. It is now considerably more than a hundred years ago since Wordsworth wrote:

> If the time should ever come when what is now called Science . . . shall be ready to put on, as it were, a form of flesh and blood, the Poet will lend his divine spirit to aid the transfiguration, and will welcome the Being thus produced, as a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man.

Obviously, the time has not come yet; so far from being "a dear and genuine inmate of the household of man," more and more, even for educated people, science has become an object of fear, of a superstitious awe as of magic, a magic, moreover, produced by barbarians. Yet plainly the scientific attitude is a fundamental part of our culture; more than anything else, it is what differentiates our civilisation from those which preceded it; and the rift between the scientifically educated and those educated in the humanities is probably the most serious cultural rift of our time. Perhaps it is even now too late to speak of the unity of culture, yet it is worth remembering that the rift is comparatively recent in origin and that there was a time, not so long ago, when it was normal rather than exceptional for educated men to be abreast of the scientific discoveries of their day and to discuss them with no less intelligent an interest than that brought to contemporary poetry. When Coleridge writes to Humphrey Davy: "You know how long, how ardently I have wished to initiate myself in chemical science," and goes on to ask him:

> Firstly, What books will it be well for me and Calvert to purchase. Secondly, Directions for a convenient little laboratory. Thirdly, To what amount apparatus would run in expense. . . .

we may now smile at the letter and dismiss it as an instance of Coleridgean enthusiasm for a project dropped as suddenly as it was taken up; yet in fact Coleridge's interest was only that which could be taken for granted in an educated man of the eighteenth century.

But the unity of culture was shattered. The natural philosopher became a specialist, a scientist. The rift set in. By the mid-nineteenth century it had been widened by the clash between religion and biology. It had become necessary to take sides, though even so the cases of fossils and botanical specimens remained in the studies of the cultivated. Then, when biology yielded its pre-eminence to physics, the layman was effectively shut out of any intelligent participation in its mysteries because he lacked the necessary mathematical knowledge. It is probably not an

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FROM ALL CHEMISTS—1/6

accident that the scientist-as-specialist and the artist-as-specialist appeared more or less simultaneously. By the end of the nineteenth century scientist and artist have alike been "placed"; what the laity thinks of them the comic papers reveal. Einstein and Picasso, for the layman, both represent the incomprehensible. But there is this difference between them: you may, if you wish, refute Picasso by laughing heartily and smacking the rump of a horse, but you laugh at Einstein at your peril—he's got the atomic bomb up his sleeve.

Hence the value, indeed the urgent necessity, of such books as Mr. Cohen's. Not that *Science, Servant of Man* is by any means impeccable. Mr. Cohen is over-fond of such slap-dash remarks as "Science is a way of looking at the external world and uncovering its fundamental truths"; the ends of science need more precise definition than that. And he nowhere attempts to relate scientific to other forms of knowledge. Yet within his limits he has written a good book. His aim is simple: to persuade the American public that money voted by the government to further scientific research will be money well spent. He is engaged, in other words, in "selling" science. Obviously he must stress the material benefits which will accrue. But his main emphasis throughout is on science as the gratification of *knowing*. His thesis is that the applications of science, from the invention of the telephone to the atomic bomb, "have come about primarily as the *by-products of the search for truth in the scientific laboratory*." This thesis he illustrates by a series of what he calls case-histories, in which he traces step by step the development of such practical applications as penicillin, radio, hybrid corn, auxin weed-killers, nylon, radar, blood transfusion and the use of microfossils in oil prospecting, from the fundamental research, carried out without thought of use, from which they derive. These case-histories are brilliantly done, are fascinating in their detail and, one imagines, as authoritative as popularisations can be, since in writing them Mr. Cohen, who teaches the history of science at Harvard, has had the co-operation of the leading American scientists in the fields covered. A better guide for the laymen to methods of research could scarcely be imagined. And—what is of cardinal importance—by following specific researches in detail, and with the same kind of detail as that by which the political or social historian works out the pattern of a period of history, Mr. Cohen quite triumphantly strips his subject of any suggestion of the magical which is the curse of most popularisations of science, even the best intentioned, e.g., B.B.C. radio-dramatic presentations. If it cannot be said that Mr. Cohen is successful in revealing science as a dear inmate of the household of man, at least he shows it to be a very genuine one.

WALTER ALLEN

The Young Henry Adams. By ERNEST SAMUELS. *Harvard University Press: Cumberlege.* 18s.

Henry Adams, in his *Education*, gives us a great many facts about himself; but he imposes his own vision, the ironic, half-bitter, half-detached vision of the elderly historian in Washington, interested rather in the forces that had played on the young man from Boston than in the young man himself. Now comes Mr. Samuels to present Henry Adams as he was seen by his contemporaries, as he revealed himself in his letters and articles. The *Education* gives us Adams' views on Harvard; Mr. Samuels gives us Adams at Harvard—a dapper young man, his abilities often obscured by the rigid Scale of Merit which awarded 8 points for a perfect recitation and took off 32 for "an act of mischief." The years in Europe—studying law in Berlin, travelling in France and Italy—are covered by extracts from letters and newspaper articles: "I find that people are unhappy everywhere and happy everywhere". There is fresh light on Adams' activities in London in the Civil War years, when he was both private secretary to his father, the American Minister, and correspondent of the *New York Times*. Then follow the return to Boston, the Harvard lectureship, and the literally spacious days of the *North American Review* under Adams' vigorous editorship, when a review of Lyell's *Principles of Geology* could run to 35 pages. Mr. Samuels' narration ends with Adams' decision in 1879 to leave Boston for Washington: "already he felt himself to be a dedicated instrument." Eleven years later he completed his monumental *History of the United States*: his faith had been justified.

The Way to be Happy. By LAWRENCE GOULD. *Gollancz.* 6s.

English publishers appear to suspect that there exists as great a demand for psychiatric self-help in this country as in the United States and are republishing many of the books which have pandered to American neurotic hypochondria. Lawrence Gould is a well-meaning, rational, agnostic lay analyst who has contributed a series of little articles to such American papers as *Parents' Magazine* and *The Family Circle*, and subsequently expanded them into a book. He uses a portion of Freud's ideas, suitably diluted with rose-water; there are few statements which can be considered scientifically incorrect (except through omission); but the ethical undertone is, at least by English standards, peculiar. He wishes to free his readers from any guilt for their own conduct as individuals, since character is formed in the earliest years of life; but he also wishes to fill them with guilt as parents, totally responsible for their children's faults: "You must still remember that at bottom he (your child) is what you made him. His tastes, temperament, and even 'aptitudes' are basically what you have encouraged or discouraged . . . 'Heredity' has no effect in such matters that can be discovered." This vicarious guilt cannot be relieved in any way; the "consolations of religion" are put in contemptuous quotation marks. It is highly improbable that anybody neurotic enough to expect to get happiness from a small book will be relieved in any significant way by its perusal; at best, they might get more acceptable rationalizations for their neuroses.

Back to the Local. By MAURICE GORHAM and EDWARD ARDIZZONE. *Percival Marshall.* 8s. 6d

This little book is an agreeable expression of the mystique which has grown up round the subject of the English pub. Mr. Gorham and Mr. Ardizzone, who illustrates the text with characteristic drawings, are plainly what used to be known in some circles as "booze-artists"; a term not in the least derogatory but suggesting rather connoisseurship, a serious and knowledgeable attitude to a serious subject. For not every drinking man is a booze-artist. Your booze-artist is not the man to gulp down any old brand of beer in any old bar. Rather he is the specialist who knows exactly in what houses the drink he likes best is best kept and best served, and who is prepared to walk long distances to find it. *Back to the Local* is a selective record of experience gained in such perambulations. Perhaps the most valuable section of the book is that analysing the nice social distinctions implicit in such divisions of the pub as the saloon bar, private bar and public bar. "Social distinctions being what they are in England, the Public Bar is by no means open to all. There are many Public Bars where any patron who is too obviously not dressed as a labourer is regarded with distrust." Indeed, Mr. Gorham might have gone further, for in spirit at any rate, the back-street public house is scarcely more public than a public school.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,015

Set by Jub-jub

The usual prizes are offered for a soliloquy by any one of the portraits in the Royal Academy, Munich or Vienna exhibitions, on the visitors they have had during the last three months. Entries may be in verse (14 lines) or prose (150 words). Entries by August 9th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,012

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The bourgeoisie, who have long suffered here under the accusation of being "stuffy," are now being

shot at from the other side. A Hungarian newspaper is quoted as speaking of the "bourgeois slogans of free love" and members "brought up in the moral swamp of the bourgeoisie." The usual prizes are offered for fourteen lines extracted from a poem describing this "moral swamp" in either the Miltonic or the Chestertonian manner.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

Milton would have commented incidentally in the course of description: Chesterton have described incidentally in the course of comment. Perhaps I should have made the distinction clearer but competitors made it for themselves. I will cut short report in order to squeeze in an extra prizewinner. Disputing the race to the end were H. A. C. Evans, A. Hunt, E. Appletree, Guy Kendall, A. A. Wheatear, A. M. Sayers and J. C. B. Date. Lakon was a clear winner: two guineas. To the other five printed seventeen shillings each.

Are they planning vice and sin? Do they sip their
dope and gin
With a counter-revolutionary zest?
Do they gloat in Tooting Bec or in Passy or Schönbeck
And those homes of grey corruption in the West
That the bourgeoisie of Buda
Are lewder and far cruder
Than all the proletarians in Pesth?

Do they wildly plot and scheme where the silver fish
knives gleam?
Is their lust inflamed by collar tie and vest?
Do they count immoral gains in those mad suburban
trains,
Where they loll in cultured ease and take their rest,
While the bourgeoisie of Buda
With a shameless lack of pudor
Corrupt the proletarians of Pesth?

LAKON

. . . then all who dwellt
Beneath Laburnum, Poplar Elm or Pine
In grove surburban, husk-devouring race
Of Prodigals entirely dedicate
To carnal lewdness and hot luxury
Wherein they rage all absolute of law
Custom or Covenant: whether on lawns
Hedge-girdled or in shuttered Cars obscure
(The precious Tabernacles of that tribe)
Or barges tethered in polluted streams.
Them at the head though basest of their sort
Humid and grossly shapen, as in age
Might Bacchus seem, a senile warrior
Preceded, Rector of their Sports, named Blimp.

H. J. R.

When Adam delved and Evé span
The Devil was a Gentleman,
But since a foul morass
Of Sin made honest burgesses
Give way to wicked urgeses
(Or so the Marxist clergy says),
The Devil's middle-class.
But God, who made us flesh and bones,
Will even pardon Mrs. Jones
If truly she re_ents;
For we are as He made us, and
The flesh will do what Hades planned
So long as we have "*Ladies*," and
So long as we have "*Gents*."

L. E. J.

From swamps beneath, by soft Corona borne,
Or wafted on miasma, come aloft
Torch songs and blues lugubrious and slow
By childless mammas to stockbroking friends
Continuously crooned, and whining cries
As shareholders in snarling rage dispute
Their non-cooperative dividends,
What time their writhing blondes, to each conjoint,
In nymphomaniac hyperfutuence
For lust or gain their venal charms employ;
From which the Soviets chaste avert their gaze,
Correct with one accord their drooping flight,
Soar higher, and make wing in purer air
To the blest kingdoms meek where STALIN reigns.

FERGIE

Trim plots of Twickenham, they tremble for the fate;
Mr. Brown has come from Town and slammed the
garden gate;
His coal-black coat is cast, decanter drained and called
for more,
He is rampant for delight with Mrs. Green who lives
next door.
His wife has rung the Plumstead-Whites to witness
her distress,
And summoned half the homesteads round to rally
and repress,
But the Potts are merry punting mortgage money on
the Tote,
And Bollinger is breaking for the Jones' incestuous
goat. . . .
Soaking in the scullery, rival schemes refine,
She will seek for comfort Mr. Cook at number 9.
Crazy pavements chinking in the sinking crimson
sun;
Mr. Brown has come from Town and night has begun.

THOMAS CHITTY

Before the bourgeois came to Bow, or based his flank
on Hove,
And sent his pin-striped legions up the line to Arnos
Grove
The Downland was the yeoman's land, a land of beef
and ale,
Where maidens gave their favours free, and scorned
to make a sale.
There was lechery in Lewisham, and bastardy at Brent,
But men were free, and so was love, from Cumberland
to Kent;
But with the great god Mammon and his acolytes in
power
The laughter English yeomen laughed turned prurient
and sour.

The bankers prated of free love, yet paid the harlot's
fees
And the cost of living index didn't take account of
these;
The rumbles grew in Rotherhithe, the flags they flew
were red,
While the rich, in apt oblivion, slept tight in Maiden-
head;
And the air was thick with thunder when we found her
on her beat,
The night we went to Surbiton by way of Jermyn
Street.

D. E. HODGSON

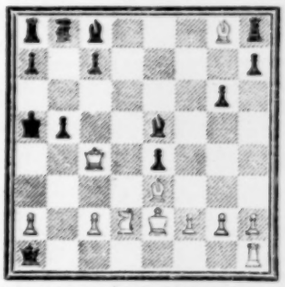
CHESS: His Majesty Steps Out

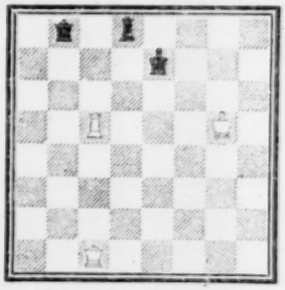
Once he has been spirited away from the centre of events by a unique act of wizardry the King may well spend more than half his lifetime in his sheltered corner, stoically watching his people hurl themselves into the fray for his own defence and greater glory. It is only on a fairly cleared battlefield, with the danger from enemy snipers minimised, that His Majesty will gingerly step forth to take a personal hand in his affairs (and very effectively, too). Otherwise he isn't great shakes as a fighter; and why should he be? Has he not all his people to fend for him! Besides, the old boy never had much exercise.

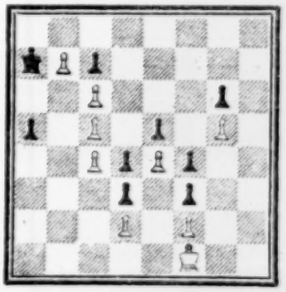
But there are exceptions. At Calcutta in 1886, a chess player (fittingly) called Steel, ventured upon the Steinitz Gambit (1) P-K4, P-K4 (2) Kt-QB3, Kt-QB3 (3) P-B4, P x P (4) P-Q4, Q-R5 ch (5) K-K2) and got himself into this position. Having just been checked by a Black Rook, the White King sets out on an amazing adventure.

(12)	K-Q3	B-B4 ch
(13)	K-B4	B-K3 ch
(14)	K x B	P-QR4 (threatening mate in two by Kt-K5, etc.)
(15)	Kt x BP	Q-R4 ch
(16)	Kt-K5	Kt-Q2 ch (if he takes the Q, Kt-B6 and the Bishops jump to the attack)
(17)	K-Kt5	Q x Q (now the Black K. hopes to take the KtP when checked by the Kt)
(18)	B x P	Q x R
(19)	K-R6	Kt x Kt
(20)	Kt x R!	P-B3
(21)	P x Kt	P-B4
(22)	B-K3	R x Kt
(23)	B-QKt5	Q x R
(24)	B-R7 ch	K-B2
(25)	B-B5	R-Q1
(26)	K-R7!!	resigns

Such daring does not always pay. How unwise it is for the King to expose his august and vulnerable person in mid-board is drastically exemplified in this position (Krebs-Ginsburg, Zurich 1943). It was White's move, and he caught the adventurous enemy King in a very pretty Mate in 4. Competitors are invited to provide the solution for this and the following two positions. They might enhance their chance of winning a prize by adding some other interesting experience (preferably a personal one) of an adventurous King. Here (in a study by Henry Rinck) White is to move and win. It is a fine example of the King in his real element, deciding the issue in a far from melodramatic but none the less forcing manner. Here, finally (in a study by C. S. Kipping) is the most assiduous King I ever saw. It is White's move, but to mate the enemy will take him at least fifty moves, mostly plodding footwork on the part of the industrious Monarch. (Solvers should indicate the precise plan of campaign rather than every single move). Entries by August 8th.







White to move and mate in 50 (fifty!)

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 6

Not all competitors solved *all* positions correctly. Some who did (H. E. Matthews, M. Kaye, M. Rumney, J. R. Harman) failed to comment on the games. So did P. Hamburger who, however, spiced his (correct) solutions with the neat observation "the stale-mate is the punishment for mauling without killing." This earns him a fifth share of the prizes, the other four shares going to B. Biram, B. W. Clapp G. Abrahams and H. F. Moxon, each of whom contributed completely correct solutions as well as some profound comment on the games.

ASSIAC

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